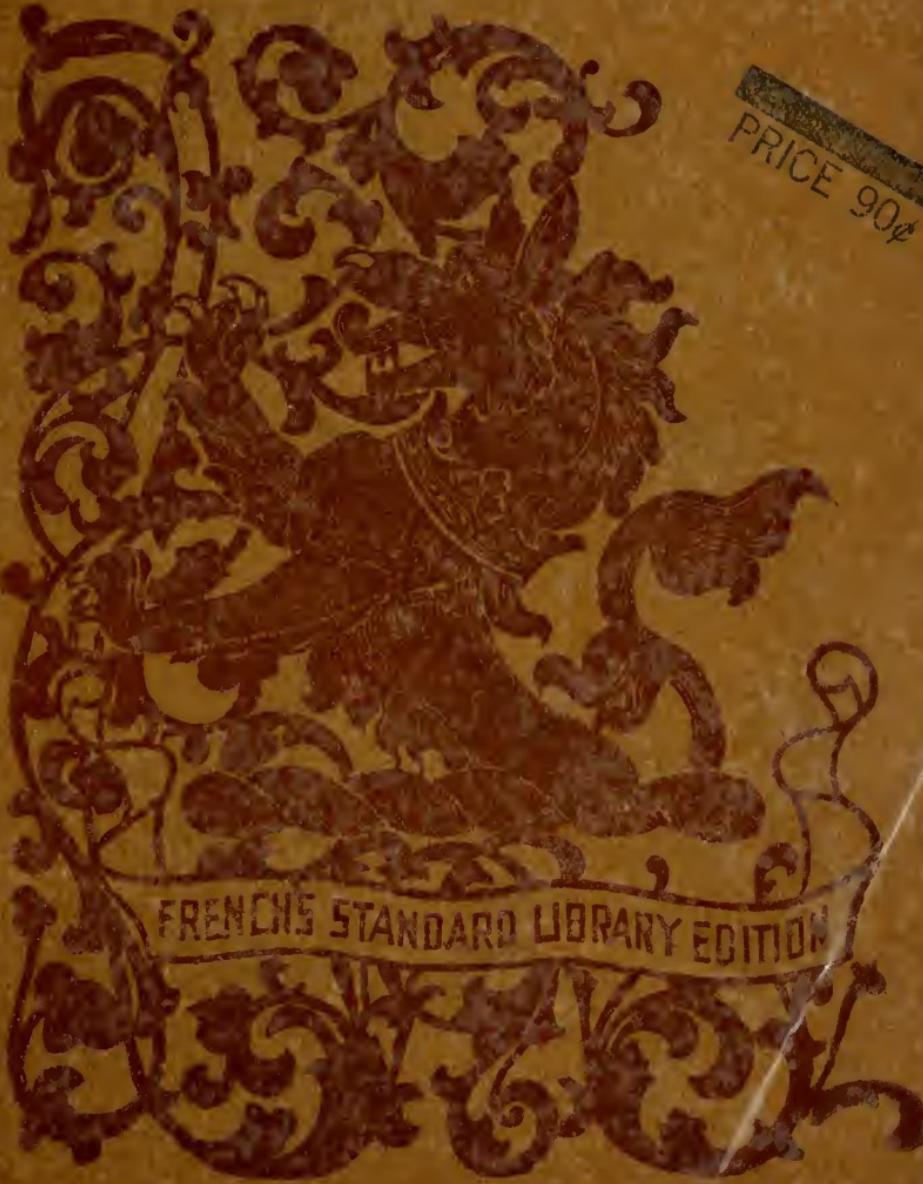


# The Third Degree

BY

CHARLES KLEIN

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# THE THIRD DEGREE

A Play in Four Acts

BY  
CHARLES KLEIN

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## THE THIRD DEGREE.

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### CAST.

*(The characters are named in the order of their appearance.)*

ROBERT UNDERWOOD  
MR. BENNINGTON  
HOWARD JEFFRIES, JR.  
MRS. HOWARD JEFFRIES, SR.  
CAPTAIN CLINTON  
DETECTIVE SERGEANT MALONEY  
POLICEMAN  
DOCTOR BERNSTEIN  
MRS. HOWARD JEFFRIES, JR.  
ELEVATOR ATTENDANT  
HOWARD JEFFRIES, SR.  
RICHARD BREWSTER  
JONES.....*his clerk*  
Servant

### SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I. ROBERT UNDERWOOD'S apartment in New York City.

The curtain will be lowered for a few seconds in this act to indicate the lapse of a few hours.

ACT II. Library in the home of RICHARD BREWSTER.

ACT III. The same.

ACT IV. The dining room in the Harlem flat of HOWARD JEFFRIES, JR.

## THE THIRD DEGREE.

BY CHARLES KLEIN.

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### ORIGINAL CAST.

RICHARD BREWSTER.....	<i>Edmund Breese</i>
HOWARD JEFFRIES.....	<i>John Flood</i>
HOWARD JEFFRIES, JR.....	<i>Wallace Eddinger</i>
CAPTAIN CLINTON.....	<i>Ralph Delmore</i>
ROBERT UNDERWOOD.....	<i>Francis Byrne</i>
DR. BERNSTEIN.....	<i>George Barnum</i>
MR. BENNINGTON.....	<i>Walter Craven</i>
DETECTIVE SERGEANT MALONEY.....	<i>Alfred Moore</i>
OFFICER.....	<i>Henry Brown</i>
ELEVATOR ATTENDANT.....	<i>William Wray</i>
JONES.....	<i>Verner Clarges</i>
SERVANT AT BREWSTER'S.....	<i>William Wray</i>
ANNIE JEFFRIES.....	<i>Helen Ware</i>
MRS. HOWARD JEFFRIES.....	<i>Grace Filkins</i>

### SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

- Act I. The rooms of ROBERT UNDERWOOD.
- Act II. Law Office of RICHARD BREWSTER.
- Act III. Drawing room at MR. JEFFRIES'.
- Act IV. Living room of a Harlem Flat.

# THE THIRD DEGREE

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## ACT I.

SCENE:—UNDERWOOD's *Art studio*. This scene represents the room of a man of artistic tastes, who sells on commission antiquities, bric-a-brac, bronzes, old ivories, tapestries, paintings, statues, etc., etc. It is tastefully designed to set off the various art creations. Before the fireplace L. I. a large handsome Davenport, with sofa cushions, back draped with a piece of handsome tapestry, or Persian or Oriental rug; above it a 4-leaf hand-painted Spanish leather screen, above the fireplace a Japanese Teakwood stand with handsome large lamp (practical) before the upper end of Davenport, a handsome table antique in design, on which is a decanter of Scotch whiskey, Syphon of seltzer, 2 high ball Glasses, Silver Cigarette box with cigarettes, Silver match safe, and ash tray, cut glass jar with cigars—a light LOUIS XVI chair in dark upholstery R. of this table. Below fireplace against wall, a Colonial grandfather's clock. Between fireplace and clock a small stand, on which are several bronze figures, or ivory carvings; up c. a large archway and Bay-window, in which is a window-seat. This seat is covered with a very large black rug, medallion size; on the seat, are displayed various art

creations, such as Paintings, water colors, vases, large Bronze Pieces, Tapestries or rugs. These paintings must be in oil, some in handsome gold frames, some in shadow boxes, some imitations of old masters, unframed. Some stand on seat and two or three on stage leaning against seat; according to the taste of producer—Against walls R. and L. of Archway are handsome tapestries. The Portieres to arch in C. are handsome Tapestry, and work and draw back (*IMPORTANT*) with silken cord around C. from L. to R. Grand piano set up-and-down stage, keyboard down R. against curve of which is an antique armchair. Above this an antique harp, below chair a large foot rest of the 17th., Century; to the L. of arch an ecclesiastical settee or antique bench, in L. corner of Arch a handsome stand with desk telephone. Above settee on wall L. of arch, hangs on oil painting. Beneath Tapestry on R. wall—another oil painting. A little R. of R. C. hangs a very handsome and ornate chandelier, such as are used for dining tables. It must contain 4 amber lamps of 16 candle power. This must be hung so it will hang about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 feet above the head of the gentleman who plays HOWARD JEFFRIES, JR. Underneath the chandelier and a little below it is a table of antique design, on which is masked with book, a square box corrugated mirror reflector large enough to contain a 32 candle-power amber lamp, so placed as to throw its rays on the face of JEFFRIES, JR., as he stands under the chandelier. Behind the table a high-backed antique chair. On wall over door R. 2 and, high up, an electric picture illuminator. Below door R. I. E. a man in armor, on pedestal; below this, close to it, a large Chinese or Japanese vase. A large vase or two of the same kind

*in archway. To the r. of the Piano, another large piece of antique furniture. A large East Indian rug or medallion covers the floor. There are black fur rugs in front of doors L. 3 and R. I. E.; back of R. L. a large brass bowel in which is some water: for lighted cigarettes. A Tiger skin before the fire-place. Handsome antique brass fenders, fire-dogs, shovel, brush, etc. At F. P. electric light switch (practical) R. of D. R. I. E.*

CURTAIN RISES; UNDERWOOD is discovered up c. at telephones; he has receiver to his ear. He is distract and nervous in manner, has a lighted cigarette in one hand, and all through scene he unconsciously keeps lighting one and throwing it away.

UNDERWOOD. Who? Bennington! Yes—Send him up. (*He hangs up receiver. His face betrays fear and anxiety, comes slowly down to back of table, drops cigarette in large brass bowl containing small amount of water on floor back of table, then comes slowly down to lower end of couch, seats himself and picks up newspaper nervously, scans it, awaiting BENNINGTON'S arrival. Momentary pause and BENNINGTON enters from L. 3 E., comes to R. of table near c. UNDERWOOD looks up at him, lays aside paper*) Bennington—this is a surprise.

BENNINGTON. Yes.

UNDERWOOD. Sit down.

BENNINGTON. I haven't time—thank you—my mission is rather a delicate one, Mr. Underwood.

UNDERWOOD. The art and antique game is a delicate business—God knows it's a precarious one—Have a drink?

BENNINGTON. No, thank you—I've come to warn you, Mr. Underwood, that the firm is about to ask you to return their property—everything.

UNDERWOOD. Why? I've sold lots of things for them at big prices.

BENNINGTON. I know—but—the fact is, Mr. Underwood, they've received information that you've sold many of their valuable art subjects for which they've received nothing at all.

UNDERWOOD. That's not true—(*Rises quickly and nervously*) Have a cigar?

BENNINGTON. No, thanks.

UNDERWOOD. (*Takes cigarette from cigarette box which he doesn't light*) I can account for everything—if they'll give me time—they must give me time—I'm hard pressed! (*Seats himself again*) My expenses are enormous—and—I'm much obliged to you for warning me.

BENNINGTON. It may give you time to get the money or get the things back.

UNDERWOOD. I can get them all back in—in time—damn it—it costs money to keep up appearances—society people won't buy if they think you need the money—and I've had to spend it like water to get them even to look at them—give me a month.

BENNINGTON. They're coming to-morrow—I promised I'd let you know, and I can do no more.

UNDERWOOD. To-morrow!

BENNINGTON. To-morrow!

UNDERWOOD. (*Pause. He is visibly agitated*) Bennington—how did they come to—to suspect—

BENNINGTON. When you tried to sell these things to old Defries for one-quarter their value he recognized where they came from and went right straight to the firm—there's a man outside watching now.

UNDERWOOD. Then it's all up, eh? No chance—no—

BENNINGTON. Not a minute!!! Well—I've kept my promise.

UNDERWOOD. To-morrow! (*Telephone bell. UNDERWOOD rises, goes up to Telephone, takes down receiver and speaks into transmitter; as he goes up, BENNINGTON moves slightly to R. as if not wanting to overhear conversation*) What! I can't see him

—tell him I'm—(BENNINGTON turns toward door as if to go) Don't go, Bennington, it's only that infernal nuisance, Howard Jeffries. (Hangs up receiver and comes down to previous position at couch, takes cigarette out of box, mechanically lighting it)

BENNINGTON. I must go. (Looks at wall over door R., at empty space under picture illuminator) I don't see the Velasquez—Valethquez.

UNDERWOOD. No—it's—it's out—on—on probation—I can account for everything.

BENNINGTON. And the Gobelins—

UNDERWOOD. Everything—if they give me time—you know what it means, Bennington—the position I've made for myself will be swept away—and—(Sighs) After all—it doesn't matter.

(Enter HOWARD JEFFRIES D. L. *He is a Post graduate type of college man—refined but dissipated appearance, good-natured, carelessly dressed—handsome face marred by weakness and dissipation—about 25 years of age. He has been drinking a little—UNDERWOOD is obviously annoyed. As he enters, he takes off overcoat and hat and throws them carelessly on chair up c. and comes then to chair R. of table.*)

HOWARD. The attendant didn't seem to be sure—so I came up—sorry if I'm butting in—

UNDERWOOD. (Coldly) Glad to see you.

HOWARD. You don't look it.

UNDERWOOD. (Pause) Mr. Bennington—Mr. Howard Jeffries, Junior.

HOWARD. Oh, I know Bennington, he's an old stuff. (BENNINGTON indignantly moves to L. above table. HOWARD seating himself) Bought an elephant's tusk at his place in the days when I was somebody. Nobody now—couldn't even buy an ivory collar button. (Mixes himself a highball) Do you remember that wonderful set of ivory chessmen the old man bought?

BENNINGTON. Yes, sir—ah! Your father is a fine art critic—

HOWARD. Art critic—he can criticize any old thing—I don't care what it is—he can criticize it—when in doubt, criticize—is nailed on father's escutcheon. (*Drinks*) Here's how—

BENNINGTON. Well—good-night, Mr. Jeffries—good-night, Mr. Underwood—

UNDERWOOD. Good-night—(*Starts to door L. 3, and exits BENNINGTON*)

HOWARD. (*Indifferently*) Good-night. Excuse my butting in, but—why so downcast—is that the way you greet a classmate, a fellow frat? (*UNDERWOOD rises and crosses down R.*) Wait till you hear my hard luck story; that'll cheer you up. (*Rises and goes to L. of table*) First I'll take a drink. (*Mixes himself another drink*) I need courage, old man—I've got a favor to ask—I want some money—I not only want it—I need it—(*UNDERWOOD laughs*) I told you I'd cheer you up. (*Seating himself, glass in hand*) I don't want to remind you of that little matter of two hundred and fifty bucks you borrowed from me two years ago—I suppose you've forgotten it—but—

UNDERWOOD. Well!

HOWARD. I'm not reminding you, old chap, but—when the family kicked me out for marrying the finest girl that ever lived—my father cut me off with a piking allowance which I told him to put in the church plate. I told him I preferred independence—well—I've got my independence, but I'm—I'm broke—(*Leans back comfortably*) I can't find any business that I'm fitted for and she threatens to go back to work—I won't stand for that—(*He bows forward*) I won't be supported by any woman—and I thought of you—You're a successful art collector—have a big name—made lots of money. 'Tain't the two-fifty, old man—I don't want that, I want a couple of thousand—(*Drinks*)

UNDERWOOD. A couple of thousand—(*Laughs sarcastically and goes up c.*)

HOWARD. Gee, I'm a hit, ain't I? I knew I'd cheer you up. (*Drinks again*)

UNDERWOOD. What are you doing now? (*Coming down to him*)

HOWARD. Nothing. (*Puts glass on table*) I don't seem to get down to anything—my ideas won't stay in one place—I got a position as timekeeper, but I didn't hold it down a week—I kept the time all right, but it wasn't the right time—they're so damn particular—(*Leans forward—mixes himself another drink*)

UNDERWOOD. You keep pretty good time with that—

HOWARD. It's the one thing I do punctually and perfectly. (*Fixes another drink*) I can play golf and polo with anybody, but I'll be damned if I can do anything quite as well as I do this—

UNDERWOOD. Why don't you go home and ask your father—? (*Going down R., then back up c. Then down R. again. All through scene UNDERWOOD moves about, showing his own worries, and his annoyance at HOWARD*)

HOWARD. After being turned out like a dog—with a young wife on my hands—not much—no—I've injured their pride—(*UNDERWOOD down R.*) You know father married a second time—loaded me down with a young stepmother, and I followed suit

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UNDERWOOD. Yes, I know.

HOWARD. She's all right, but she's so confoundedly—you know her—Say, didn't you and she—wasn't there some sort of an engagement once—seems to me I—

UNDERWOOD. I'd rather you wouldn't mention that matter. (*Going up L. Speaking brusquely, down R. again*) Jeffries, I'm very busy now—if you could postpone—

HOWARD. (*Turning front and crossing*) Underwood, I'm an outcast—a derelict on the ocean of life, as one of my highly respectable uncles wrote me—and his grandfather was an iron puddler—ha! My family makes me sick—I'm no good because I married the girl—if I'd have ruined her life and cast her aside—I'd still be a respectable member of the family—(*Mixes himself a drink*)

UNDERWOOD. (*Coming to him, r. of table*) No, Howard—you wouldn't make a respectable member of any family.

HOWARD. I guess you're right. (*Drinks*)

UNDERWOOD. How does Annie take your social ostracism?

HOWARD. Like a brick—thoroughbred—all to the good—she's one of the few women I know that improves on acquaintance—she's all right. She's all right.

UNDERWOOD. (*Going down r.*) I'm sorry I ever introduced you to her—I never thought you'd make such a fool of yourself as to marry—(*Going up c. then down r. again*)

HOWARD. Don't know whether I made a fool of myself or not—she's got the makings of a great woman—very crude, but still—the makings. The only thing I object to is, she insists on going back to work—just as if I'd permit such a thing—you know what I said to her on our wedding day—(*Rising—glass in hand*) Mrs. Howard Jeffries, you are entering one of the oldest families in America—nature has fitted you for social leadership—you will be a petted, pampered member of that elect—select, few called the Knickerbocker set—and now, damn it all, how can I let her go back to work? (*Puts glass on table and half sits, half falls on couch*) If you let me have that two thousand—(*Lies back on sofa*)

UNDERWOOD. I haven't got it—I'm in debt up to my eyes.

HOWARD. (*Looking around*) What's all this? Bluff?

UNDERWOOD. (*Going up c.*) Yes, a bluff—that's it. Not a picture—not a vase—not a stick belongs to me—(*Comes down r. again*) You'll have to go to your father—

HOWARD. Not on your life—(*Picks up glass, drinks, puts it back on table*)

UNDERWOOD. He'll relent.

HOWARD. He relent? He? Too much brains—too much up here. (*Indicating heart*) Once get an idea—(*Facing front, putting L. leg on couch*) Never lets it go. Roman father! (*Gets other leg up—leans head on L. hand, arm over back of couch—drowsily*) My God—how obstinate that man is—seems impossible he can be my father. One idea—stick to it. Gee—but I've made a mess of things, haven't I?

UNDERWOOD. (*Going to him*) You've made a mess of your life, but you've had some measure of happiness—at least you married the woman you love—the woman I wanted, married someone else—d—n him!

HOWARD. Say, old man, I didn't come here to hear a hard luck story. I came to tell one. If you can't be cheerful—(*Lying down, and sleepily*) don't say anything—shut up—(*Falls asleep*)

UNDERWOOD. Drunken beast that you are—I envy you. (*Telephone bell rings. UNDERWOOD goes up to telephone, takes down receiver*) Who? (*Pause—his face lights up*) Yes—yes—I'm in—(*Pause*) Ask her to wait. No—hello—tell her to come up. (*He hangs up receiver, turns and sees HOWARD, goes quietly to him and tries to rouse him*) Jeffries—Jeffries—go into my room like a good fellow—(*Shaking him*) Jeffries—Jeffries—wake up—wake up, will you? Wake up, confound you! (*Door-bell rings outside L. 3 E. UNDERWOOD shakes HOWARD again*) Jeffries—Jeffries—(*Door-*

*bell rings again—UNDERWOOD raises himself in perplexity, sees screen—goes quickly up, draws it around between table and couch—completely screening HOWARD. He then goes up back of couch to door L. 3 E. and exits. After a momentary pause—he enters quickly, comes up to L. C. Then MRS. HOWARD JEFFRIES, SR., enters quickly—crosses to R. C. after she has crossed him. He goes to door, closes it, and comes quickly to L. C., speaking as he comes)* You've come in answer to my note?

MRS. JEFFRIES. How dare you write me such a letter—what do you expect to gain by this threat?

UNDERWOOD. Sit down, Alicia. (*Indicating chair R. of table*)

MRS. JEFFRIES. Don't call me by that name—

UNDERWOOD. When you broke your engagement with me and married old Howard Jeffries—you—you didn't destroy my love—you can't destroy it.

MRS. JEFFRIES. I broke my engagement with you because I found that you were deceiving me—that you had deceived others—oh, we need not go into that. I ask you again—what do you expect to gain by threatening to take your own life unless I—continue to be your friend—what do you mean by “your friend”—how can I be the friend of a man like you? You who are as incapable of disinterested friendship as you are of common honesty.  
(*Turning to R. a trifle*)

UNDERWOOD. Alicia, for the sake of old memories—

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Quickly to him*) There are no old memories—not one—you have humiliated me by compelling me to come to you and ask you to promise me not to—not to carry out your threat. Will you promise me?

UNDERWOOD. I—I don't promise anything—

MRS. JEFFRIES. But you must—you must give me your word not to do this awful thing.

UNDERWOOD. No—(*Shakes his head*)

MRS. JEFFRIES. You won't—you won't promise me—

UNDERWOOD. If my life has no interest for you—why should you care?

MRS. JEFFRIES. But—you accuse me of being the cause—of driving you to your death—I—who have been your friend in spite of your dishonesty—oh—it's despicable—ungrateful—and above all, it's untrue—

UNDERWOOD. My love for you is my excuse.

MRS. JEFFRIES. If you had loved me you would have spared me this indignity.

UNDERWOOD. Why did you come here?

MRS. JEFFRIES. I was afraid you meant what you said—the shame of being associated with a man who—who—took his own life—it's horrible—

UNDERWOOD. That's it—you're afraid that some scandal may attach itself to the name of the exclusive Mrs. Howard Jeffries.

MRS. JEFFRIES. You know how Mr. Jeffries has suffered through the wretched marriage of his only son with the daughter of a saloon-keeper—you know how deeply we both feel the disgrace—and yet you would add—

UNDERWOOD. (*Turning to her*) Why should I consider your husband's feelings? He didn't consider mine when he married you—Mrs. Jeffries, I'm desperate—I'm hemmed in on all sides by creditors—you know what your friendship—your patronage means? If you desert me now your friends will follow—they're a lot of sheep led by you—

MRS. JEFFRIES. That is precisely why I protect them—they are my friends—they trust me—you have borrowed their money—stolen from them—and my friendship for you has given you the opportunity—but now that I have found you out—I refuse to sacrifice my friends—my self-respect—my sense of decency. You take this means of compelling me—well—you've failed—I will not sanc-

tion your robbing my friends. I will not allow you to sell them any more of your high-priced rubbish—or permit you to cheat them at cards.

UNDERWOOD. If you desert me now, you'll be sorry till the day of your death.

MRS. JEFFRIES. You mean you'll—you'll kill yourself! (*He does not reply*) Answer me!

UNDERWOOD. I mean—just what I said in that letter—

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Pause*) I don't believe it—your object is to frighten me—you have no more idea of taking your own life than I have. I might have spared myself the humiliation of this meeting—

UNDERWOOD. Is that all you have to say?

MRS. JEFFRIES. All—except this—let it be thoroughly understood that your presence at Mr. Jeffries' house is undesirable—and if we should meet you at the house of any of my friends, I shall be compelled to explain my attitude. (*She starts to leave, comes back to him, and speaks appealingly*) Won't you tell me that you didn't mean what you said in your letter? (*Pause—then disdainfully*) I don't believe that a man who is coward enough to write a letter like this has the courage to carry out his threat—good-night—(*Turns and exits quickly, D. L. 3 E.*)

UNDERWOOD. (*Mechanically*) Good-night—(*He pauses, turns, goes slowly but determinedly, as he must suggest to the audience that he is immovable in his determination to commit suicide, his whole attitude one of despair, up to door L. 3 E., closes it, locks it and puts key in his pocket; then to window up c., lets down Tapestry portieres, then slowly to R.; when he gets to table R. he pauses an instant—then goes to electric switch R. of door—presses it*)

(*All lights out on stage, excepting border in c. Glow in fire-place. Strip in R. 2 E. Explan-*

*tion of lights in scene description. UNDERWOOD opens door R. 2 E. The glow of the hall lights is fully shown. He exits closing door. After his exit count nine, rather slowly. Fire pistol-shot off R. 2 E. on ninth count. At report of pistol)*

### QUICK CURTAIN.

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**SCENE II:** *The curtain must not remain down over 20 seconds.*

**SCENE:**—Immediately after Curtain has fallen on pistol-shot, turn up the chandelier—take off glow in fire-place—and raise whites in 3 Border. The foots and borders are out. Strike the screen from about the couch—as soon as characters are in position, ring up CURTAIN.

**AT RISE:**—HOWARD JEFFRIES is discovered back of table R. c. being interrogated by CAPT. MALONEY and POLICE OFFICER. HOWARD is back of table, CAPTAIN CLINTON to R. of table, close to it, MALONEY above, HOWARD R. c. a bit, note-book in hand, taking down everything he says. OFFICER up near door L. 3 E. HOWARD is pale and frightened. CAPTAIN CLINTON aggressively persistent.

CAPT. CLINTON. Answer me! Answer me!  
You did it, and you know you did.

HOWARD. No—I—

CAPT. CLINTON. Well, we know you did, eh, Maloney?

MALONEY. Of course he did.

CAPT. CLINTON. These persistent denials are useless—the evidence is clear.

HOWARD. I—I'm so upset—Good God! What's

the use of questioning me and questioning me—I know nothing—of this—

CAPT. CLINTON. Why did you come here?

HOWARD. I told you—we're old friends—I came to borrow money—he owed me a few dollars when we were at college together—and I tried to get it—I've told you so many times—and you don't believe me—hour after hour—hour after hour—question upon question—won't you please let me go—my wife will be waiting up—and—why, it must be morning—I'm tired out—tired out—I want to go home and—(*He starts to sit down*)

CAPT. CLINTON. (*Sharply*) Stand up! (*HOWARD rises, wearily and unsteadily; he is almost exhausted with the pitiless grind of a seven hour examination*) How much did you try to borrow?

HOWARD. (*Wearily*) A thousand—two thousand—I forget—I think one thousand. I've told you so many times—

CAPT. CLINTON. Did he say he'd lend you the money?

HOWARD. No, he—he—couldn't—he—poor chap, he—

CAPT. CLINTON. He refused—that led to words—there was a quarrel—and you shot him.

HOWARD. No—no—there was no quarrel—no words—no—I swear there wasn't.

CAPT. CLINTON. He was found on the floor, dead—in that room—you were trying to get out of the house—without being seen—you pretended you'd been drinking—that door was locked, how do you account for that?

HOWARD. I didn't lock it, I swear I didn't. I fell asleep on that sofa—when I woke up—it was dark—I tried to get out, but the door was locked—I wanted to get—home as I needed money—I wanted to tell my wife I couldn't get it—she was going out to work the first thing in the morning and I don't

want her to—won't you believe me, won't you believe me? I'm telling you God's truth—on my word of honor I am. (*Sinks hopelessly and helplessly into chair, burying head in his arms*) They won't believe me—they won't believe me—they won't believe me! (*Momentary pause*)

CAPT. CLINTON. Stand up. (*HOWARD rises slowly*) The motive is clear—you came for money—were refused—there was a quarrel and you did the trick—Howard Jeffries—you shot Robert Underwood, and you shot him with this pistol—(*With a quick movement he brings out pistol and places it for HOWARD to see, but close enough so that the rays of light fall upon the shining barrel of the revolver. The light shines on it so that it attracts the eye—HOWARD looks at it—his eyes are rivetted on it until his face assumes a vacant stare. Scientifically, this accomplishes the act of hypnotism and he comes under the influence of the will directing his will—he is now completely receptive*) You committed this crime, Howard Jeffries—(*HOWARD gazes at pistol with a fixed expression*) it's clear as daylight—eh, Maloney? You did it, Jeffries—you know you did—come, own up—let's have the truth—you shot Robert Underwood—with this revolver—you did it and you can't deny it—speak—Go on—out with it—out with it—you shot Robert Underwood—(*Momentary pause. HOWARD's eyes are on pistol*)

HOWARD. (*Eyes on pistol, he repeats mechanically*) I shot Robert Underwood.

CAPT. CLINTON. You quarreled—

HOWARD. We quarreled.

CAPT. CLINTON. You came here for money—

HOWARD. Came here for money.

CAPT. CLINTON. He refused to give it to you?

HOWARD. He refused to give it to me.

CAPT. CLINTON. There was a quarrel?

HOWARD. There was a quarrel.

CAPT. CLINTON. You followed him into that room.

HOWARD. Followed him into that room.

CAPT. CLINTON. And shot him?

HOWARD. And shot him.

CAPT. CLINTON. Whew! That's all—(*HOWARD sinks into seat, his head resting on his arm. Pockets pistol*) Gee, he was a tough man. (*MALONEY goes up to curtain, draws it up, letting flood of daylight into the room. Foots and borders must be on dimmers and come up with curtain as it is raised. Lights full up; as soon as MALONEY has raised curtains he comes down, turns out chandelier and returns up R. C.*) Get that all down?

(DR. BERNSTEIN enters from door R. 2 E., pulling down sleeves which have been up—as if he'd been washing his hands.)

MALONEY. Yes, Captain.

DR. BERNSTEIN. Some smoke and a great many powder marks; must have been pretty close range, Captain.

CAPT. CLINTON. It's all right, we've got him to rights. (*He crosses to L., toward overcoat and hat, and starts putting them on when he gets them*) By Gum! It's daylight. (*With a yawn*) It's taken seven hours to get it out of him. (*To OFFICER—at door*) Is his wife downstairs?

OFFICER. Yes, Captain.

CAPT. CLINTON. Does she know?

OFFICER. Yes, Captain.

CAPT. CLINTON. Who told her?

OFFICER. Some newspaper men.

CAPT. CLINTON. Well—let her come in, she may tell us something.

(OFFICER exits, door L. 3 E.)

DR. BERNSTEIN. (*Has been standing thoughtfully down r.*) I'm not so sure, Captain, that Underwood didn't do this himself.

CAPT. CLINTON. Well I am; this man has just confessed.

(OFFICER enters in advance of ANNIE JEFFRIES, who enters a second after him. DR. BERNSTEIN looks sharply at HOWARD and goes up to him.)

OFFICER. Sit there until you're wanted, please.

(ANNIE starts over, anxious, to HOWARD, MALONEY stops her with a gesture; she sits fearfully in chair, up c.)

DR. BERNSTEIN. Confessed, eh? (*He lifts up HOWARD's head, opens first one eye then the other, looking intently at pupils, then drops head, takes his wrist and looking at his watch, takes his pulse*)

CAPT. CLINTON. Confessed in the presence of three witnesses, eh, Sergeant? It took us seven hours to get him to own up.

DR. BERNSTEIN. (*Taking pulse of HOWARD*) I don't approve of these all-night examination and third-degree mental torture processes—when a man is tired and nervous his brain gets benumbed. (*After lifting him up to sitting position he steps back, intently regarding HOWARD*)

CAPT. CLINTON. Doctor—theories may make a hit with college students and amateur professors, but they don't go with us—you can't make a man say "yes"—when he wants to say "no"—(CAPT. CLINTON crossing to HOWARD) We've got him, all right—I tell you, Doctor, no newspaper can tell me that my precinct ain't cleaned up—I catch 'em with the goods when I go after 'em—

DR. BERNSTEIN. I know your reputation, Captain—(*Crosses to upper end of couch L. and puts on overcoat and hat*)

CAPT. CLINTON. I'm after results—none of them

Psyche theories for mine—(To OFFICER) Did you phone to his father?

OFFICER. He's on his way down now, Captain.

CAPT. CLINTON. Oh, all right. (Slapping HOWARD on shoulder) Hey, Jeffries, come on, wake up; come on, stand up. (He crosses down R. at the same time MALONEY crosses down to HOWARD'S R. OFFICER to his L. and raises him to his feet. As OFFICER crosses ANNIE rises. The OFFICER gets his hat from piano—puts it on his head; at the same time MALONEY gets his overcoat from piano, where it has been placed during dark change, and he and the OFFICER help him into it, after which MALONEY takes out pair of nippers, clasps them around HOWARD's right wrist. All this through CAPTAIN'S speech) Brace up, now. (CAPT. CLINTON up to MALONEY) Take him over to the station, write out that confession and get him to sign it before breakfast, I'll be right over.

MALONEY. All right, Captain.

CAPT. CLINTON. Is there an officer in there, Doctor?

DR. BERNSTEIN. (His eye fixed intently on HOWARD) Yes—he'll stay till the coroner comes—I suppose—well, I'll make out my report. Good-day—Captain. (Exits, door L. 3 E.)

CAPT. CLINTON. Take him over.

MALONEY. All right, Captain.

(They take HOWARD off, door L. 3 E. Just as they cross ANNIE, she follows them.)

ANNIE. Howard!

HOWARD. Annie, something happened with Underwood. (This as he is going out)

ANNIE. (Starting after him) May I speak to him, sir?

CAPT. CLINTON. Stop—(ANNIE stops and looks at him) Just one moment, Mrs. Jeffries—you can

see him over at the station later on—I'd like to ask you a few questions; sit down. (*ANNIE comes down to chair R. of table and sits*) Mrs. Jeffries, did you ever hear your husband threaten Robert Underwood?

ANNIE. You've no right to ask me that question.

CAPT. CLINTON. You may help the authorities to—to—

ANNIE. To convict my husband—thank you—I understand my position.

CAPT. CLINTON. You can't do him very much harm. He confessed to the shooting.

ANNIE. I don't believe it.

CAPT. CLINTON. Of course not—didn't expect you to—did you know Mr. Underwood?

ANNIE. Yes—he introduced me to my husband.

CAPT. CLINTON. Where?

ANNIE. New Haven, Connecticut.

CAPT. CLINTON. Up at college, eh? Yes, I remember the affair—I sent a man to New Haven to look up your record for his father.

ANNIE. Well, you found nothing against me—did you?

CAPT. CLINTON. No, but your father's record wasn't over-clean.

ANNIE. Can I help that?

CAPT. CLINTON. How long have you known Mr. Underwood?

ANNIE. I met him once or twice up in New Haven, but I've never seen him since my marriage to Mr. Jeffries.

(*MALONEY enters, door L. 3 E. CAPT. CLINTON beckons to him, and goes to meet him. They whisper a moment, MALONEY smiles significantly and exits door L. 3 E. as CAPT. CLINTON comes down again.*)

CAPT. CLINTON. Your husband and he were not very good friends after your marriage, eh?

ANNIE. Not very—(Sees she has made a mistake)

CAPT. CLINTON. Not very good friends, eh? In fact your husband didn't like him—did he?

ANNIE. He didn't like him well enough to run after him.

CAPT. CLINTON. Was your husband jealous of Underwood?

(ANNIE rises indignantly.)

ANNIE. Jealous! What right have you to ask me that? I refuse to answer any more questions.  
(Crosses down L. a step or two)

CAPT. CLINTON. Now you can help him, Mrs. Jeffries—by helping us. Did you call here last night to see Mr. Underwood?

ANNIE. No.

CAPT. CLINTON. Sure?

ANNIE. Positive.

CAPT. CLINTON. There was a woman called to see him last night—and I thought perhaps—  
(MALONEY enters with boy of eighteen in the uniform of an elevator attendant. MALONEY points to ANNIE, the boy looks at her and crosses, MALONEY to c., looking at her intently. Pause) Well?

Boy. (Shakes his head) Don't think so—no, sir—it's not the same lady—leastways I—no—

CAPT. CLINTON. Sure?

Boy. I—think so.

CAPT. CLINTON. Do you remember the name she gave you?

Boy. No, sir. I've been trying to think of it—ever since you asked me.

ANNIE. Well, if you have no further use for me—I—I—think I'll go—(Starts up between table and couch)

CAPT. CLINTON. Just one moment, Mrs. Jeffries.

(*She stops and, as the boy speaks, looks at him wonderingly and comes down again.*)

BOY. That's it—that's it, Mrs. Jeffries—that was the name she gave.

ANNIE. I was never here before in my life.

BOY. (*Looks at her—shakes his head*) No, not you. She's not the one—I guess I'm mistaken, sir

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CAPT. CLINTON. Sure?

BOY. Yes, sir—I—I—sure—

CAPT. CLINTON. (*Giving him a push*) That's all right. We'll find out. (*Boy exits, followed by MALONEY, door l. 3 E.*) It will be rather a pity if it wasn't you who called on Underwood last night.

ANNIE. Why?

CAPT. CLINTON. Yes—a woman always gets the jury mixed up—(*Smiling significantly*) Nothin' rouses sympathy for the accused like a pretty face. Now if they quarreled about you—your husband would stand some chance—you'd better tell me the truth, Mrs. Jeffries—and I can advise you who to go to—

ANNIE. Thanks, I'm going to the best lawyer I can get, not one of those court room politicians—recommended by a political police captain. I'm going to Richard Brewster—he's the man—if my father had had him, instead of a legal shark, he'd never have been railroaded to jail, and, he'd be alive to-day.

CAPT. CLINTON. Oh—Brewster's a constitution lawyer—one of those international fellows—he don't know nothing—

ANNIE. He's Howard's father's lawyer and he's the one I want. Howard's folks have got to come to the rescue—they've got to stand by him. (*Going up r. c.*) They've got to—they've got to—

(*MALONEY enters, followed by HOWARD JEFFRIES,*

Sr., who comes to L. C.; he is in overcoat, silk hat and gloves, but does not remove his hat on entering.)

MALONEY. Captain, this is Mr. Howard Jeffries, Sr. I've told him the facts.

(ANNIE looks at him intently and anxiously. JEFFRIES crosses to L. C. and MALONEY exits, door L. 3 E.)

CAPT. CLINTON. How do you do, sir?

MR. JEFFRIES. (Business, L. C., in a dignified manner) I hear that my—my son—has—(Pause) has confessed to the—the shooting—

CAPT. CLINTON. (R. C.) Yes, sir—it's a bad business—he says he came here for money—there was a quarrel—presumably about money, but I think it was over a woman—anyway—the shooting took place after—

MR. JEFFRIES. Please don't tell me the terrible details—I came here before I realized that I should not have come. The suddenness of the message caught me unawares—the young man who has inherited my name has chosen his own path in life—I am grieved to say his conduct and his expulsion from college—and his marriage—have completely separated him from his family and—I have quite made up my mind that in no way or manner can we become identified with any steps he may take to escape the penalty of his mad act.

CAPT. CLINTON. Well, you're his father and I thought I'd let you know, sir.

MR. JEFFRIES. Yes—I am his father, and I suppose under the circumstances I ought to feel thankful to you, and I do—thank you very much—but—please do not mention the fact of my presence to any of the newspaper men downstairs—they may

think that I am palliating or condoning—his conduct.

ANNIE. (*Who has been watching him intently since hearing his name, comes down to c. and speaks deferentially to him*) Mr. Jeffries, may I speak?

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Turning to her and politely removing hat*) I beg your pardon.

ANNIE. May—I—speak to you—

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Hesitatingly*) Certainly I—er—I—but—(*Looks at CAPT. CLINTON enquiringly*)

CAPT. CLINTON. It's the young woman who married your—

ANNIE. (*Cuts him short*) Thanks—I don't care to have my first introduction to my father-in-law come from the police—I am your son's wife, Mr. Jeffries—

MR. JEFFRIES. Madam, I have no son—and I don't recognize—(*CAPT. CLINTON goes up r. c., looks at watch*) Please don't go, Captain Clinton. I have nothing to say to this young woman—nothing whatever—

CAPT. CLINTON. Excuse me, I must. (*Exits, door l. 3 e.*)

ANNIE. But I want to speak to you, sir—

MR. JEFFRIES. I repeat—I cannot see you—(*Turning away from her*)

ANNIE. (*Advancing a step or two toward him*) Mr. Jeffries—please don't refuse to hear me—please

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MR. JEFFRIES. I do not think there is any subject which can be of mutual interest—

ANNIE. Oh, yes, there is—flesh and blood is of mutual interest and your son is yours whether you cast him off or not—you've got to hear me I'm—not cast him off or not—you've got to hear me—I'm—not asking anything for myself—it's for him—your son—he's in trouble—I only want to ask you—not to desert your son at such a time—whatever he may have done to deserve your anger—don't—don't deal

him such a blow—you can't realize what it means at a critical moment like this. Even if you only pretend to be friendly with him—you don't need to really be friends with him, but don't you see what the effect will be if you—his father, publicly refuse his support—everybody will say the boy is no good—he can't be any good or his father wouldn't go back on him—they'll say—you know what the world is—it will condemn him because you condemn him—they won't even give him a hearing—Oh, don't, for God's sake—don't go back on him now—

MR. JEFFRIES. Of course you realize that you, above all others, are responsible for his present position.

ANNIE. Responsible? Well—all right—I'm responsible—but don't go back on him—

MR. JEFFRIES. I could have forgiven him everything—everything but—(*Hesitates*)

ANNIE. But me—I know it—don't you suppose I feel it too—and don't you suppose it hurts?

MR. JEFFRIES. Forgive me for speaking plainly—but this marriage with such a woman as you has made it impossible to even consider the question of reconciliation.

ANNIE. Such a woman as me? That's pretty plain—but you'll have to speak more plainly—what do you mean when you say such a woman as me—what have I done? I worked in a factory when I was nine years old—and I've earned my living honestly ever since—I was waiting table in a restaurant when I met your son, but there's nothing against me—nothing disgraceful, I mean. I know I'm not educated—I'm not a lady—but—never mind me—I'm not asking for anything—what are you going to do for him? He must have the best lawyer that money will buy—your lawyer, Mr. Brewster is the man—Howard spoke of him once—

MR. JEFFRIES. I repeat—my son's marriage with the daughter of a man who died in prison—

ANNIE. Well, don't hold it up against Howard—

he didn't know it—when he married—he never would have known it but for the detectives employed by you to dig up my family history—and the newspapers did the rest—God! That made fine reading for the public—but it finished my career, killed my chances, all right.

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Crossing to R., keeps his back to her*) The daughter of a convict—

ANNIE. (*Coming over to R. c.*) He was a good man at that. But he refused to pay police blackmail and he was railroaded to prison for hiding a friend who'd committed a crime. But that's forgotten now—

MR. JEFFRIES. Forgotten!

ANNIE. But he was unfortunate—won't you believe that, Mr. Jeffries—why, Billy Sands' hand was always in his pocket. He'd give away the last dollar he had to a friend. I wish to God he was alive now—I wouldn't have to make this fight alone—I wouldn't have to ask you to help us.

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Turning away from her*) You don't seem to understand that my son's actions have completely cut him off from his family—it's as if he were dead—

ANNIE. (*Coming to him a step or two*) I know—I know, but—it seems so hard. He's such a good boy at heart, Mr. Jeffries—and he's been so good to me—ah, if you only knew how hard he's tried to work—I'm sure you'd change your opinion of him—lately, of course, he drank a little because he was disappointed in not getting anything to do—he's only a boy—Mr. Jeffries—that's all he is—only a boy.

MR. JEFFRIES. And you took advantage of the fact and married him—

ANNIE. Yes—I know it—I did wrong—I own up—I did wrong—but I—I—love him, Mr. Jeffries—believe me or not—I love him—it's my only excuse—he was going the pace when I met him, and I thought I could take care of him—he needed some-

one and—he's only too easily influenced. (*Pause*) Well—I—I just loved him—because I felt sorry for him—I was strong and I thought I could protect him; but now, this has happened—and I can't protect him—it's too much for me—I can't make this fight alone—won't you help me, Mr. Jeffries? Won't you help me?

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Turning squarely to her*) Will you consent to divorce if I agree to help him?

ANNIE. (*Non-plussed—pause*) A divorce—why—yes—if it will be any help to him—yes—anything.

MR. JEFFRIES. You will leave this country and go abroad and live?

ANNIE. I'd rather live here if you don't mind.

MR. JEFFRIES. You will leave America never to return, is that understood?

ANNIE. (*Heartbroken at the hardness of the conditions—crying*) Yes, sir—(*Crossing to L.*) Yes, sir—(*Turns and, very determinedly*) And now what are you going to do for him?

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Turning away from her*) I don't know—I shall consider the matter carefully

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ANNIE. (*Coming nearer to him*) Yes—but I want to know—I want to consider that matter carefully, too—

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Turning to her*) You?

ANNIE. Yes, sir—I'm paying for this with all I have—and I want to know—just what you're going to give him for it.

MR. JEFFRIES. I shall furnish the money for the employment of such legal talent—as may be necessary—but it must not be known—I cannot allow it to be known that I am supporting him—

ANNIE. Must not be known? You mean you won't stand by him—you'll only just pay for the lawyer.

MR. JEFFRIES. This is all I can promise. (*Turns away from ANNIE—his back to her*)

ANNIE. But I want you to come forward and publicly declare your belief in your son's innocence. I want you to put your arms around him and say to the world—"my boy is innocent—I know it—and I'm going to stand by him." And you won't even do that? So his family must desert him and his wife must leave him. Except for a few professional talkers, the poor boy must stand absolutely alone in the world and face a trial for his—life—is that your idea? Well—it isn't mine, Mr. Jeffries—I won't consent to a divorce—I won't leave America—as for his defense—I'll find someone—I'll go to Mr. Brewster myself and if he refuses—I'll go to someone else. There must be some good, noble-hearted lawyer in this big city who'll take up his case. You needn't trouble yourself any more, Mr. Jeffries—we shan't need your help. Thank you very much for the interview—it was very kind of you to listen so patiently—good-morning, sir.  
*(Exits quickly, door L. 3 E.)*

QUICK CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE:—*The law library of RICHARD BREWSTER.*

*It is a semi-circular set in three, with doors R. and L., and window in c. The walls are heavy corniced bookcases about 10 feet high and about 12 to 16 inches from wall, whose shelves are filled with law books. The walls above the cornices are dead white, and against them hang the full bench of the U. S. Supreme Court at Washington. Large black and white Portraits in black frames of CHIEF JUSTICES WAITE and FULLER, WEBSTER, CLAY, ex-Presidents LINCOLN and MCKINLEY. The walls are heavily morticed at the ceiling. The floor is hard wood covered in the c. by a rich green rug. In the c. a foot assembly table of heavy quartered oak. A large leather office chair R. of it. Other chairs—Saddle seat office chairs—are back of it, L. of it and front of it; another chair is down R. On the table are 10 to 14 law books. Brass inkwell; and pens and leadpencils, some pads of writing paper, legal caps and 2 smaller pads for memoranda. An electric push-button on L. side of window and on L. side of door.*

AT RISE:—BREWSTER is discovered reading a law book and making notes on a piece of paper.

*A momentary pause when MR. JONES, his confidential clerk, enters R. BREWSTER looks up at him.*

BREWSTER. Well!

JONES. She's here, sir—

BREWSTER. What! Again?

JONES. Yes, sir—

BREWSTER. Well, tell her she must go—(JONES makes movement to go) No, don't do that—tell her I can't see her—

JONES. I told her that, sir—

BREWSTER. Tell her I'm going over the authorities in an important case—

JONES. I told her that yesterday—and she waited three hours—

BREWSTER. Well, say it again—we mustn't allow her to outdo us in patience—er—be as pleasant as you can, Mr. Jones—she's in a very painful position, and I don't want to hurt her feelings—but she mustn't dog my footsteps, day after day—she really mustn't—

JONES. I have already told her that, sir, and she said that you were worth all the trouble she might take to get you.

BREWSTER. Well, I'm not—you can mention that—run me down—tell her I'm an old fool.

JONES. I did mention that, sir.

BREWSTER. Tell it to her again, but for goodness' sake get rid of her—

JONES. Will you see Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Senior, sir?

BREWSTER. Mrs. Jeffries, Senior? Yes, of course. Show her in here (*Closes book and rises, throwing book on table and stands awaiting her.*)  
JONES goes to door; opens it)

JONES. Come in, Madam.

(MRS. HOWARD JEFFRIES, SR., enters door r. 3 e.)

BREWSTER. (*Advancing a step and extending hand, which she takes*) Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Jeffries?

MRS. JEFFRIES. Good-morning, Mr. Brewster; is Mr. Jeffries here?

BREWSTER. Not yet. This is an unexpected pleasure; won't you sit down? (*He invites her to sit in chair front of table. She crosses front of table to chair*) I think it's the first time you have ever graced my offices with your presence.

MRS. JEFFRIES. How quiet it is here.

BREWSTER. That is why I prefer the study to my private office.

MRS. JEFFRIES. I can scarcely believe that I'm in the heart of the busy crowded city. (*She sits in chair front of table*) These are dreadful times. Mr. Jeffries is frightfully upset.

BREWSTER. I judge so from his telephone message last night. (*He sits r. of t.*) Well, what's happened now?

MRS. JEFFRIES. Did you know that Howard's wife was going on the stage?

BREWSTER. Hum! (*With a look at door r.*)

MRS. JEFFRIES. The name of Mrs. Howard Jeffries—my name—paraded before the public—at a time when everything should be done to keep it out of the papers—this girl is going to flaunt herself on the stage—what is she like? You've seen her, of course—

BREWSTER. Seen her—I've seen no one else for the last month—she comes every day—regularly—she literally compels me to see her, and refuses to go till I've told her I can't see her, and that I haven't changed my decision about taking her case—

MRS. JEFFRIES. This girl has aroused your sympathy—

BREWSTER. No, my curiosity—she's a very

peculiar girl, a creature of impulse and instinct. Her childhood was a very sad one, married only a few months and her young husband in prison, and what is worse than all, she believes herself to be in some measure responsible for his misfortune. But apart from that, her case interests me from a purely professional point of view, aside from its personal interest, for in spite of Howard's confession, I can't believe me committed that crime.

MRS. JEFFRIES. Neither could I—if he hadn't confessed. Do you know, I'd like to do something for this girl—will you give her some money if I—?

BREWSTER. She won't take it—I tried it—she wants me to defend her husband—I tried to bribe her to go to some other lawyer but it wouldn't work—queer, isn't it—she has a notion that I'm the only one who can successfully defend Howard—it's very flattering, but most awkward.

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Rising and going down L. a bit*) I think this girl ought to be made to realize how unhappy she is making us all. (*Coming back to back of chair front of table*) I feel we ought to do something. Try and persuade Mr. Jeffries to let me see this girl—you are his friend as well as his legal adviser—

BREWSTER. He is a very old friend, Mrs. Jeffries, but he is my client, and I can't disregard his wishes entirely.

(Enter JONES ushering in HOWARD JEFFRIES, SR.  
BREWSTER rises and goes R. a step and faces him—MRS. JEFFRIES goes to chair L. of table  
and sits. JONES exits. JEFFRIES comes to R. C.)

MR. JEFFRIES. Brewster—what's that woman doing out there again?—it's not the first time I've met her in this office—

BREWSTER. No, and I'm afraid it won't be the

last. Sit down. (*Crosses around to r. side of arm-chair and, as JEFFRIES crosses and sits, gets back of table.*)

MRS. JEFFRIES. Is she out there—now?

MR. JEFFRIES. What right has she to come here? What's her object?

BREWSTER. The same as usual—

MR. JEFFRIES. But you told her it was impossible.

BREWSTER. That makes no difference—she comes just the same—what am I to do if she insists on coming? We can't have her arrested—she doesn't break the furniture or beat the office boy—she simply sits and waits—

MR. JEFFRIES. Have you told her—that I object to her coming here?

BREWSTER. I have—and she has overruled your objection—you know we can't use force—

MR. JEFFRIES. Moral force—yes—

BREWSTER. What do you mean by moral force?

MR. JEFFRIES. I—I—moral force is moral force—per—per—persuasion—I—I—Good God—I'm prostrated.

MRS. JEFFRIES. Perhaps if I—see her.

MR. JEFFRIES. Not for worlds—I can't subject you to—to—contact with this impossible creature—

BREWSTER. Oh, come, she's not as bad as all that.

MRS. JEFFRIES. I'm sure she isn't—she must be amenable to reason—

MR. JEFFRIES. Reason—how can you expect reason from a woman who—hounds us—dogs our footsteps—tries to compel us to—to—take her up—

BREWSTER I think you do her an injustice, Mr. Jeffries—she comes every day in the hope that your feelings toward her husband have changed, and also to give color to the general belief that his father's

lawyers are championing his cause. She was honest enough to tell me so. You know her movements are pretty well described by the papers, and she takes good care to make them think she comes here to discuss her husband's defense with me—She's a very bright girl—

MRS. JEFFRIES. Her movements are not described by the papers that I read—if they were I should refuse to read them—well—what can we do—this woman is going on the stage to be exhibited all over the country, and she proposes to use the family name. (*Turning to him impatiently*) Well?

BREWSTER. Well! There's nothing to prevent her. (*Turns and goes L. a step or two.*)

MR. JEFFRIES. There must be. (*Turning to him*) Good God! Brewster, surely you can obtain an injunction restraining her from using the family name—

BREWSTER. (*Coming back to him*) The family name is her name now.

MR. JEFFRIES. You must do something—what do you advise?

BREWSTER. I advise patience—

MR. JEFFRIES. Mrs. Jeffries advised that—I advised it myself—anyone can advise patience—but that's not doing anything—(*Showing extreme impatience and striking his cane on the floor*) I want something done—

BREWSTER. Hush—don't lose your temper—I'll do what I can, but there is nothing to be done, on the lines that you are working—all I can do is to remain loyal to you, though it goes against the grain—I feel that you are wrong to—

MR. JEFFRIES. I'm right—I'm right—Brewster—(*Rising*) I'm right—and you know it, but you won't admit it.

BREWSTER. Well, I won't argue the matter with you—you refuse to be advised by me, and—

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Leans slightly over table*) What is your advice?

BREWSTER. You know what my feelings are.

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Straightening up haughtily*) And you know what mine are—I refuse to be engulfed in this wave of hysterical sympathy with criminals—I will not be stamped with the same hall-mark as the man who takes the life of his fellow being—though that man is my son—I will not set the seal of approval on crime—by defending it—

BREWSTER. Then, sir, you must expect exactly what is happening—this girl—whatever she may be—is devoted to your son and she'll go to any extreme to help him—even to selling her name for money to pay for his defense—sell her name—why she'd sell her very soul to save him—

MR. JEFFRIES. It's a matter of principle—with me—her devotion is not the question—(*He sits*) the sentimentality of the case doesn't appeal to me—my instructions are for you to get rid of her at any price—

BREWSTER. Except the price she asks—(*Turns and goes up laughingly, goes up to step-ladder by bookcase, turns and sits*) You will find devotion is a strong motive-power, Mr. Jeffries, and it will move in spite of the barriers we put in its way.

MR. JEFFRIES. Oh, don't throw platitudes at me.

BREWSTER. Well, it may be a platitude, but it's nevertheless a fact.

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Rising*) I will not endorse a self-confessed criminal; please let that be final.

BREWSTER. (*Coming down to him*) You don't doubt my loyalty do you?

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Turning to him*) No, Brewster, no!

BREWSTER. (*Laying his hand on his shoulder*) Right or wrong—my country, that is, my client—'tis of thee—(*Turning and going over toward Mrs. JEFFRIES*) that's the painful part of the lawyer's

profession, Mrs. Jeffries—the—client's weakness is the lawyer's strength—when men hate each other, and rob each other, we lawyers don't pacify them—we dare not—we encourage them—we pit them against each other for profit—if we didn't—they'd go to some lawyer who did. When a man wants to do the wrong thing—he's always willing to pay a good price—to the lawyer who advises him to do it.

MRS. JEFFRIES. Yes—I'm afraid we all love to be advised to do what we want to do—

MR. JEFFRIES. That may apply to the great generality of people—but not to me—

BREWSTER. Certainly not, Jeffries—

MR. JEFFRIES. Well, drop in and see me this evening.

(*Starts for door R. 3. BREWSTER shows he is thinking of ANNIE, who is out there, and says quickly.*)

BREWSTER. I think you had better go by this door. (*Indicating door L.*)

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Crossing to D. L., front of table*) Very well, Mrs. Jeffries will be delighted to have you dine with us.

MRS. JEFFRIES. Yes—indeed—

MR. JEFFRIES. Well, good-bye—(*At door L. 3 E.*) Well, see what you can do—are you coming, dear?

MRS. JEFFRIES. Not yet. I want to speak to Mr. Brewster. Call for me in about an hour.

MR. JEFFRIES. Yes, of course—well, good-bye. (*Exit door L. 3 E.*)

MRS. JEFFRIES. I must see this girl, Mr. Brewster, I think I can persuade her to change her course of action. (*Rising*) I must see her. (*BREWSTER frowns and shakes his head doubtfully*) You don't think it advisable, do you?

BREWSTER. Perhaps I'd better see her first—suppose you come back in half an hour—can you?

MRS. JEFFRIES. Yes—

BREWSTER. Very well, I'll prepare her—that is, I'll—

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Extending her hand to him*) Thank you, Mr. Brewster—you're so kind—it needs a great deal of patience to be a lawyer, doesn't it?

BREWSTER. It needs almost everything except conscience. (*He has been standing, leaning on a book. He crosses to door, taking book with him, and opens it for MRS. JEFFRIES. MRS. JEFFRIES turns as she goes.*) In about half an hour—then—

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Crossing to door*) Yes—

BREWSTER. Good morning—

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*As she exits*) Good morning—  
(Exit door L. 3. E.)

(BREWSTER closes door, pauses in deep thought a moment—goes up to L. c. bookcase, replaces book, then pushes button on R. side of window and comes thoughtfully down to back of table where he is met by JONES, who enters door R. 3 E.)

JONES. Yes, sir—

BREWSTER. Eh—oh—yes—tell Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Junior, I wish to see her.

JONES. (*Surprised*) The young—

BREWSTER. Yes—the young one—(*JONES grins a broad-faced grin*) What the devil are you grinning at?

JONES. Yes, sir—(*Exits door R. 3 E. At his exit, BREWSTER turns, crossing slowly in deep thought to L., turns and comes back, when he gets a step or two nearer R. ANNIE enters and comes to R. C.*)

BREWSTER. (*Sees her*) Oh—come in, sit down—sit down—(*ANNIE comes to chair, but doesn't sit. He goes up c. in thought, and turns sees she is not sitting*) Well, why don't you sit down? (*ANNIE sits. He comes to c. back of table, starts to speak, pause—then blurts out*) How long do you intend

to keep up this system of—warfare—How long are you going to continue to force your way into this office?

ANNIE. I didn't force my way in—I didn't expect to come in—Mr. Jones said you wanted to see me—

BREWSTER. I? Oh, yes—yes— (*Moves away, but only a moment, to cover his confusion*) I want to tell you for the fiftieth time: I can do nothing for you—

ANNIE. Fifty—is it fifty times—you've told me—it don't seem that many.

BREWSTER. Then for the last time—

ANNIE. Not the last time, Mr. Brewster—I shall come again to-morrow.

BREWSTER. You will?

ANNIE. Yes, sir—

BREWSTER. You're determined—

ANNIE. Yes, sir—

BREWSTER. But I can't permit this to go on—I represent my client, Mr. Howard Jeffries, Senior—and he won't consent to my taking up your husband's case— (*Moving to L., and back again*)

ANNIE. Can't you do it without his consent?

BREWSTER. I suppose I can, but I won't. (*Turning and going a little to L. from her*)

ANNIE. Well—you ought to—

BREWSTER. Indeed!

ANNIE. It's your duty to do it—your duty to his son and to me—to Mr. Jeffries himself—why, he's so eaten up with family and pride that he can't see the difference between right and wrong—

BREWSTER. No, I'm his lawyer.

ANNIE. Then it's your duty to put him *right*— (*BREWSTER goes L. in impatience through laugh. Help laugh by observing impatience at this thrust*) Let me tell you it's downright wicked of you to refuse—you're hurting Howard—why, when I was hunting around for a lawyer, one of them actually

refused to take up the case because he said old Brewster must think Howard was guilty or he'd have taken up the case himself—(BREWSTER *comes to L. of T.—lower end of it*) You and his father are putting the whole world against him and you don't know it.

BREWSTER. (*Turning front, realizing the forceful truth*) But I do know—

ANNIE. Then why do you do it?

BREWSTER. I—(*Nonplussed*) That's not the question—(*Turning L., embarrassed*)

ANNIE. It's my question—and as you say—I've asked it fifty times, and I'll ask it fifty times more—I'll ask until you answer it.

BREWSTER. (*Coming to chair front of table—sits*) So you're going on the stage, are you?

ANNIE. I shouldn't be at all surprised—I've had a very big offer.

BREWSTER. Well, I'll give you twice as much if you refuse it.

ANNIE. You mean my father-in-law will give it—you know it's no use your asking me to concede anything unless you agree to defend Howard.

BREWSTER. I can't—

ANNIE. Then neither can I—

BREWSTER. You're determined to have me?

ANNIE. Yes.

BREWSTER. (*Bangs table with his fist, rises, goes L. a step or two, then back to chair again and speaks angrily*) Young woman, you're almost as obstinate as your father-in-law.

ANNIE. As bad as that, eh?

BREWSTER. (*Going to her and leaning over table*) But my dear young lady, I don't argue criminal cases.

ANNIE. That's just it—my husband is not a criminal—he is innocent. I don't want a lawyer who is always defending criminals—I want one who defends a man because he isn't a criminal.

BREWSTER. There are other lawyers.

ANNIE. But there's only one Mr. Brewster—  
(BREWSTER sits in chair front of table and looks intently front) and he's the greatest lawyer in the world—and he's going to help us—he's going to save Howard's life—

BREWSTER. (Turns quickly to her) You always say that. (Turns front again) Upon my word I shall begin to believe it soon—

ANNIE. And I shall say it again—and again—every time I see you.

BREWSTER. And how often do you intend that shall—be—?

ANNIE. Every day—I shall say it and think it until—until—it comes true.

BREWSTER. You mean you intend to keep at me until I give way—through sheer exhaustion—

ANNIE. That's it exactly—

BREWSTER. (Turning to her and leaning over table angrily) Young woman—you—you—(Hesitates) you know you've got me in a corner and you're going to keep me there—I can see that—you—(Then helplessly stops) Well—I'll be—d—d. (Turns front)

ANNIE. I quite agree with you. (He turns quickly, folds his arms, leans back in chair and looks at her a moment—pause)

BREWSTER. You—you're a pretty brave girl—

ANNIE. No, I'm not—I'm an awful coward—but I'm fighting for him—Howard Jeffries lifted me up when I was way down in the world and I'm grateful—and I'm going to move heaven and earth to bring his father around to my way of thinking. I've got you already—(BREWSTER straightens up in his chair)

BREWSTER. Got me? Already? What do you mean by that?

ANNIE. Why, you'd say "yes"—in a minute if it wasn't for old Jeffries—

BREWSTER. (*Turning front*) You think so?

ANNIE. I'm sure of it—you're afraid of him.

BREWSTER. (*Turns to her*) Afraid of him—  
(*Turns away and laughs*)

ANNIE. 'Tain't so funny as it sounds—you're afraid of opposing him—I'm afraid of him myself—

BREWSTER. (*Turning to her*) Then why do you oppose him in everything?

ANNIE. That's the only way I can get his attention—why, when he met me out there to-day he actually looked at me—(*BREWSTER turns to front*) for the first time in his life he recognized that he has a daughter-in-law—he looked at me—and I'm not sure, but I think he wanted to bow—he's kinder beginning to sit up and take notice—

BREWSTER. (*Turning to her*) So you think I'm afraid of him?

ANNIE. I'm sure of it—you liked my husband—and you'd just love to rush in and fight for him—(*BREWSTER turns away from her nervously, drumming on arm of chair*) His father thinks he is guilty and well—you don't like to disobey him.

BREWSTER. (*Turning to her quickly*) Disobey!

ANNIE. It's very natural—he's an influential man—you know on which side your bread is buttered and—(*BREWSTER starts*) Oh, it's very natural—you're looking out for your own interests and—

BREWSTER. (*Rises, goes down L. and comes back to chair, leaning on it with R. hand, throughout speech*) Circumstances are against Howard—his father judges him guilty from his own confession—it's the conclusion I'm compelled to come to myself—now—how do you propose to change that conclusion?

ANNIE. Don't have to change it—You don't believe Howard guilty—

BREWSTER. I don't—?

ANNIE. No, not at the bottom of your heart.—You knew Howard when he was a boy—and—you

know he is as incapable of that crime as you are—  
*(Pause—he looks at her intently, comes to front of chair, sits and leans forward to her)*

BREWSTER. Mrs. Jeffries—how do you know your husband didn't kill Robert Underwood?

ANNIE. I know it.

BREWSTER. Yes—but how do you know it?

ANNIE. I know there's a God—but I can't tell you how I know it—I just know it—that's all. Howard didn't do it—I know he didn't—

BREWSTER. Ah—that's a very fair sample of feminine logic—*(Looking away from her)*  
happy—*(He rises and goes around to L. upper end of table, speaking as he goes)* Well, the system has

ANNIE. Logic? What's that?

BREWSTER. Oh, no matter.

ANNIE. What's the use of logic—when you know a thing you know it, and it makes you happy.

BREWSTER. Feminine deduction—think a thing—believe it—and then you know it—and it makes you its advantages. *(Turns from L. of T.—Sympathetically)* Haven't you any relatives to whom you can go?

ANNIE. No—my father died, up—at—

BREWSTER. *(Interrupting her and coming around to back of table c.)* Yes, yes, I know—I got William Sands' family history for Mr. Jeffries after your marriage—it's filed away among the family archives.

ANNIE. It's a wonder it don't burn 'em up—my folks were not a very brilliant lot—but my father was all right at heart, Mr. Brewster. Blood was thicker than water with him—he'd never have gone back on his flesh and blood as Howard's father has done.

*(BREWSTER looks at her steadily, without speaking—she catches his eye—looks at him. After quite a pause he shakes his head.)*

BREWSTER. It's too bad—I'm sorry for you, really I—(ANNE *laughs hysterically—half crying, half laughing*) Why do you laugh?

ANNIE. What's the use of crying—ha—it's almost a joke—you're sorry—my father-in-law is sorry—and I suppose my mother-in-law is shedding tears for me too—you're all sorry—and you're all wearing crepe for us—but why don't some of you *do* something? (*Impatiently slapping table—not too hard or too angrily. Rises—pause—then goes up to R. C. a bit—controls herself, wipes her eyes, turns and comes down nearly in front of chair*) Well—you sent for me—what do you want to see me about, Mr. Brewster?

BREWSTER. Sit down—sit down—(*She does so—pause—during which he goes up to window then down again back of table—looks away from her*) I want to tell you, you mustn't come here again.

ANNIE. Anything else?

BREWSTER. (*Looks at her*) No—of course you'll be amply compensated.

ANNIE. I suppose so—oh, well—I guess I'll go—(*Rising slightly, smiling to herself—BREWSTER turns front*) This isn't my lucky day—they wouldn't let me into the prison to see Howard this morning.

BREWSTER. Poor girl—you're having a hard time, aren't you?

ANNIE. Things have been better—Howard and I were very happy when we first—(*Chokes—forces a laugh—He looks at her*) Here—I must keep off that subject—(*Laughs*)

BREWSTER. Why do you laugh?

ANNIE. Well, if I don't laugh—I'll cry—and as I don't want to cry—why—I just laugh—it's got to be one or the other—(*Laughs*) Well, I guess I'll go home—home—that's the worst part of it—home—well—you have your own troubles—I'll see you to-

morrow, Mr. Brewster—perhaps you'll have better news for me—(*Starts for door*)

BREWSTER. (*Looking straight out*) Wait a moment—(*She stops, looks at him, he points at chair*) Sit down. (*She hesitates a moment then she does so*) I want to ask you a question. How do you account for Howard's confessing to the shooting—?

ANNIE. I don't account for it—he says he doesn't remember confessing and I don't believe he did confess—

BREWSTER. But witnesses—

ANNIE. Yes—*policemen*—

BREWSTER. (*Sitting in chair back of T., looks straight front*) That makes no difference—he made a confession and signed—

ANNIE. Against his will—I mean—he didn't know what he was doing—at the time—I've had a talk with the physician who was called in, Dr. Bernstein—he says that Captain Clinton uses hypnotic influence—that he can compel people to say what he wants them to say—well, Howard is—he's what they call a subject—they told him he did it till he believed he did—Do you understand what—(*Looks at BREWSTER—he is intently looking front—apparently paying no attention*) Oh, well—sorry I don't interest you—(*She starts to rise*)

BREWSTER. Sit still. (*She resumes her position*) Who told you he was a subject?

ANNIE. Dr. Bernstein—and Howard told me so himself—a friend of his at college used to make him do all sorts of stunts to amuse the other boys—

BREWSTER. A friend at college? Do you remember his name?

ANNIE. No, but Howard knows it—

BREWSTER. (*Taking pad and pencil, commences to write*) Um—I would like to see Dr. Bernstein.

ANNIE. (*Opening bag*) I have his address.

BREWSTER. (*Throwing her small pad*) Write it down there.

ANNIE. I have his card. (*Gets card from bag—lays it beside him as he writes*)

BREWSTER. So you think I'm afraid of Mr. Jeffries, do you?

ANNIE. Oh, no, not—really afraid—just—(*Business*) scared—I didn't mean afraid—I meant—

BREWSTER. Oh, yes, you did, and I want you to understand I'm not afraid of any man, and as to allowing my personal interest to interfere with my duty—

ANNIE. Oh, I didn't say that, did I?

BREWSTER. You said I knew on which side my bread was buttered—

ANNIE. Did I?

BREWSTER. You say a great many things, Mrs. Jeffries—but I'm not afraid—please understand that—afraid—I'm going to take up your case.

ANNIE. (*Jumping to her feet, her back to audience*) Oh, Mr. Brewster.

BREWSTER. (*Through this ANNIE manifests her joy—crying, etc.*) Now, don't pretend to be surprised—you knew I would—you knew it when you came in that door—my clerks knew it—everybody knew it—but me—(*She moves to table and leans over it*) Now, please don't thank me, I hate to be thanked for doing what I want to do—and if I didn't want to do it—I wouldn't—(*Commences to write again*)

ANNIE. I'd like to say, Thank you.

BREWSTER. Well, please don't—

ANNIE. You're the dearest—kindest—

BREWSTER. No—

ANNIE. Most generous—noble-hearted—courageous—

BREWSTER. Mrs. Jeffries—

ANNIE. (*Crossing to L. front of table, crying for joy*) Oh, I'd like to have a good cry—

BREWSTER. (*Without looking up*) Well, have it and be done with it!

ANNIE. (*Continuing, going up L., and wiping her eyes*) I knew you wasn't afraid—(*JONES enters with card, goes to BREWSTER—hands it to him, then starts for door*) I knew you wasn't afraid—

BREWSTER. (*As JONES starts for door*) Mr. Jones—get a stenographic report of the case of the people against Howard Jeffries, Junior. (*ANNIE turns to them*) Get the Coroner's inquest—the Grand Jury indictment, and get a copy of the Jeffries confession, get everything—right away.

JONES. (*Looking at ANNIE*) Yes, sir—do we—do we—

BREWSTER. You know d—d—well we do.

JONES. Yes, sir. (*JONES smiling at ANNIE in broad satisfaction*)

BREWSTER. And stop grinning—

JONES. Yes, sir—(*Exits door R. 3 E.*)

BREWSTER. You see, even he knew you were going to beat me at this little game!

ANNIE. (*Coming front of T., near chair*) Mr. Brewster—may I just say Thank you?

BREWSTER. Certainly not.

ANNIE. (*Crossing down L.*) Very well. I won't, but I'm thinking it just the same.

BREWSTER. (*Rising*) Now, I want you to be exceedingly nice to this lady.

ANNIE. Lady?

BREWSTER. Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Senior—

ANNIE. My mother-in-law. Oh, good Lord—(*Looking away*)

BREWSTER. She wants to see you—(*ANNIE turns to him*) Now, please remember she is actuated by a genuine desire to be of some service to you—

ANNIE. P'r'aps so—but the door was slammed in my face when I called to see her—

BREWSTER. She probably knew nothing about it.  
In any case—please remember she is my client—

ANNIE. All right, Mr. Brewster—I'll remember—

(MRS. JEFFRIES, SR., enters, and comes to R. C.,  
BREWSTER turning to her as she enters.)

BREWSTER. Mrs. Jeffries, may I present—Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Junior—(*Business*—They bow—  
ANNIE slightly embarrassed—*Mrs. JEFFRIES self-possessed*—pause—a distinct pause—a very unpleasant silence) I told her you wished to speak to her—(*Pause*) I think perhaps I—I'll leave you together—pardon me—(*Bows, exits D. R.* As she does so *Mrs. JEFFRIES crosses forward*)

MRS. JEFFRIES. You may think it rather strange that I have asked for this—interview—but—Annie—you don't mind my calling you Annie, do you?

ANNIE. I don't see why I should—it's my name—and we're relatives—by marriage—relatives—it seems funny, don't it—but we don't pick out our relatives—and we must take 'em as they come.

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Going to chair L. of table, bringing it down for ANNIE*) As we are what we are, Annie, let us try and make the best of it. (*Placing chair*) Won't you sit down—(*She crosses to chair, front of table*)

ANNIE. (*Sitting; Mrs. JEFFRIES likewise*) Make the best of it—God knows I've tried to make the best of it—but I've had mighty little encouragement, Mrs. Jeffries—When I called to see you to beg you to use your influence with Mr. Jeffries to help us—"not-at-home" was handed to me by a liveried footman and—the door was slammed in my face—ten minutes later you walked out to your carriage and drove away.

MRS. JEFFRIES. I knew nothing of this—please believe me—

ANNIE. It's what I got just the same—but I'm not complaining, understand—only I did think that at such a time one woman might have held out a helping hand to another—

MRS. JEFFRIES. How could I? Now be reasonable—you are held responsible for Howard's present position.

ANNIE. Yes—by the police—and by a couple of yellow journals—I didn't think you'd believe all the gossip and scandal that's—been printed about me—I didn't believe what was said about you—

MRS. JEFFRIES. What do you mean? What was said about me?

ANNIE. Well—they do say you married old Jeffries for his social position.

MRS. JEFFRIES. Old Jeffries—have you no respect for your husband's father?

ANNIE. Not a bit—and I never will have till he acts like a father—I only had one interview with him and it finished him with me for all time—he ain't a father—he's a fish—

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*In horror*) A fish? But surely you respect him.

ANNIE. No, ma'am—I respect a man because he behaves like a man—not because—he lives in a marble palace on Fifth Avenue—

MRS. JEFFRIES. But, surely, my dear child, you realize that when you married Howard, you—to say the least—made a mistake—

ANNIE. Yes—that part of it has been made pretty plain—it was a mistake—his mistake—my mistake—but now it's done and it can't be undone—I don't see why you can't take things as they are and—

MRS. JEFFRIES. And welcome you—into—into—our—

ANNIE. Welcome me! (*Rises and goes down L. through speech finishing, back to audience*) Me, no, ma'am—I'm not welcome and nothing you or your

set could say would ever make me believe that I was welcome—all I ask is that Howard's father do his duty by his son—

MRS. JEFFRIES. I do not think—pardon my saying so—that you are quite in a position to judge of what constitutes Mr. Jeffries' duty to his son—

ANNIE. Perhaps not—I only know what I would do—what my father would have done—what anyone would do if they had a spark of humanity in them—but they do say that three generations of society life and red blood turns into blue. (*Goes up L.*)

MRS. JEFFRIES. Howard acknowledged his guilt—any sacrifice we may make will be thrown away—

ANNIE. (*Comes down to chair L. of T., leans r. hand on L., half facing to L.*) Well, what are we to do—stop every effort to save him because things look a bit black for him? No, ma'am—I wasn't brought up that way—I'm going to make a fight.

MRS. JEFFRIES. It's useless.

ANNIE. Do you think so?

MRS. JEFFRIES. I'm sure of it.

ANNIE. Mr. Brewster doesn't think so—

MR. JEFFRIES. You mean that Mr. Brewster has encouraged you to—to—

ANNIE. He's done more than encourage me, God bless him, he's going to take up the case—

MRS. JEFFRIES. Without consulting Mr. Jeffries' feelings?

ANNIE. He's consulted his own feelings—he doesn't believe Howard guilty and he's going to defend him—

MRS. JEFFRIES. He doesn't believe Howard guilty?

ANNIE. No, ma'am.

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Anxiously*) The papers say there was a quarrel about you—that you and Mr. Underwood were too—too friendly—they implied that Howard was jealous—is this true?

ANNIE. It's all talk—scandal—lies—not a word of truth in it—Howard never had a jealous thought of me—and as for me—why—I worship the ground he walks on—didn't he sacrifice everything for me? didn't he give you and his father up? didn't he marry me? didn't he try to educate and make a lady of me? —do you suppose I'd give a man like that cause of jealousy? My God, what do they think I am? (*Pause—turns, goes up L. a bit*) What do the papers care—they print things that cut into a woman's heart without giving it a thought—without knowing or caring whether it's true or not—as long as it interests and amuses their readers. (*Coming down L. c.*) You—you don't believe I'm the cause of his misfortune, do you?

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Rises and goes slowly to her*) No, Annie, I don't; you were right when you said that at such a time as this one woman should stand by another—and I'm going to stand by you—let me be your friend—let me help you—(*Taking her hand*) Will you?

ANNIE. Thank you, Mrs. Jeffries—it's the first kind word I've had from his side of the family and I'm—(*Pause*) It's a queer thing, Mrs. Jeffries—and it keeps coming into my mind all the time—Howard told me that while he was at Underwood's that night he thought he heard your voice—(*Mrs. JEFFRIES is rigid and stares straight out*) It must have been a dream, of course—your voice—that's queer, isn't it? (*Mrs. JEFFRIES staggers to chair, front of table and sits. ANNIE goes over to her*) What's the matter? (*Sympathetically*) I haven't said anything—anything—wrong have I? if I have, I'm sorry—I'm afraid—I—I've been very rude, and you've been so kind—

MRS. JEFFRIES. No—you've said nothing—done nothing—you've had a great deal to bear, Annie—(*Takes ANNIE's hand—turning to her*) Tell me—what do they say about the woman who went to see

Robert Underwood the night of the—the tragedy?

ANNIE. (*Moving to L.*) The police can't find her—but—Mr. Brewster will—Captain Clinton accuses me of being the lady—he doesn't like me—

MRS. JEFFRIES. Supposing she is found—what can she prove? What difference will it make?

ANNIE. (*Going up a bit*) If she didn't shoot Robert Underwood—she probably knows who did—

MRS. JEFFRIES. How can she know? Howard confessed that he did it himself—he confessed it—or no one would have believed it possible—

ANNIE. We—don't believe it—and we never did believe it—

MRS. JEFFRIES. Then why—did he confess?

ANNIE. (*Coming toward her*) He never confessed, Mrs. Jeffries—if he did, he didn't know it. (*Sitting in L. chair—leaning forward—and speaking earnestly and intensely*) They forced it out of him when he didn't know what he was saying—

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Turning to her*) Annie, did he tell you that?

ANNIE. Yes—Dr. Bernstein says they forced it out of his tired brain—I made Howard go over every second of his life that night from the minute he left me until he was arrested—there wasn't a harsh word between them—(*Mrs. JEFFRIES makes agitated movement—ANNIE sees it, rises and goes to her anxiously*) What's the matter—you look frightened to death—you—

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Appealingly. Clinging to her*) Annie—what am I to do—what am I to do—I believed Howard guilty as his father did—I—it was natural—his own confession—his own confession—every one believed it—I—I had no reason to doubt it—(*Turning as the thought strikes her*) Underwood must have kept his word and shot himself—

ANNIE. (*Backing away to L.*) Kept his word—and shot himself—

MRS. JEFFRIES. Yes.

ANNIE. (*Looks at her*) You knew Robert Underwood, Mrs. Jeffries—you're not the woman who went to see him that night?

MRS. JEFFRIES. Yes—

ANNIE. (*Righteously angry*) Then why didn't you come forward?

MRS. JEFFRIES. The disgrace—

ANNIE. Disgrace! (*Turning and going L.*)

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Rising*) Can't you realize what it means to be associated with such a crime—

ANNIE. (*Turning to her*) Disgrace, what is disgrace when a human life is at stake?

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Moving R. a step*) But it seemed useless—a useless sacrifice—in the face of his confession—

ANNIE. (*Coming down to L. chair*) Yes—I see—but it must be done now—

MRS. JEFFRIES. Yes—it must be done now—oh, if I'd only done it before—(*Going to R. a step and leaning against table*) If I'd only told Mr. Jeffries the whole truth—you speak of Howard's sufferings—if he didn't do it—at least he has the consciousness of his own innocence, but I—the constant fear of being found out is worse than any hell the imagination can conjure up—I dreaded it—I dread it now—it means disgrace—my husband must know—the whole world must know—

ANNIE. I can't believe it—I can't believe it.

MRS. JEFFRIES. It's true, Robert Underwood and I were once engaged to be married, but I broke it off when I found out what kind of a man he was—I went there that night because he wrote me a letter in which he threatened to kill himself—I was afraid he meant it, and I wanted to prevent it—I—didn't tell Mr. Jeffries I was going—and now when the truth comes out and I acknowledge that I visited this man—can't you see what it means—(*Going R. through balance of speech—turns and goes up to chair R. of table*) What a scandal there'll be! The

whole world will put an evil construction on my action—they'll think the very worst. (*Seating herself in chair R. of T.*) They'll say that I—God knows what they'll say—My husband will be dragged through the mire of another public scandal—his social prestige will—oh, I dare not think of it—my duty is to that poor unfortunate boy and I mustn't think of myself—

ANNIE. (*Crossing to her*) Have you the letter that Mr. Underwood wrote you?

MRS. JEFFRIES. Yes, it's at home—I've never been able to destroy it—I don't know why I kept it, but thank God I have it—the disgrace—it's ruin—it's the end of it all—Annie—(*She breaks down L.*)

ANNIE. I don't want to disgrace you—or ruin you—but what am I to do—tell me what am I to do?

MRS. JEFFRIES. I don't know—

(*ANNIE crosses sadly and slowly to R. Pause—then goes up to her.*)

ANNIE. Shall you tell Mr. Brewster or shall I—?

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Starting up*) Mr. Brewster—why should he know—I suppose he must know—sooner or later, but I—(*Bus.—Breaks down—falls over table in paroxysm of tears*)

ANNIE. It's tough—isn't it—(*Going down R. a bit*)

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Rises, and through speech crosses to L. around L. of T. up to window—she is crying, and drying her eyes*) Don't say anything now—give me a few hours—then I can think what is best to be done—I'll meet you at Mr. Brewster's house to-night—

ANNIE. All right—to-night—

MRS. JEFFRIES. Yes, I'll go up and see my mother, and then to-night—

(*BREWSTER enters from D. R. 3 E. with law-book and papers; he speaks to MRS. JEFFRIES, Sr.*)

BREWSTER. Pardon me, Mrs. Jeffries, I hope I haven't—kept you waiting—(*He looks at both of them, then to back of T., stoops down over book*) Oh, is this as far as you've got? I've been talking to Dr. Bernstein over the phone.

ANNIE. (*Bus. with BREWSTER*) I have told Mrs. Jeffries—that you have undertaken Howard's defence.

BREWSTER. Yes, I've been quite busy since I saw you—I've asked Captain Clinton for an interview, and he and Dr. Bernstein are coming to see me this evening—And I have put one of the very best detectives we have on the trail of the woman who visited Underwood that night, Mrs. Jeffries—I don't think the police have been trying very hard to find her—they're satisfied with Howard's confession—but we'll get her—

MRS. JEFFRIES. Yes—(*Coming down to chair L. of table—*)

(*Enter JONES.*)

JONES. I told Mr. Jeffries that Mrs. Jeffries was here—

BREWSTER. Yes—(*To JONES*) Why didn't you tell him that two Mrs. Jeffries were here?—

(HOWARD JEFFRIES, SR. enters R. 3 E. JONES exits.)

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Comes to R. C., sees ANNIE, plainly shows he is annoyed—crosses to L. of C.; reproachfully to BREWSTER*) Brewster! (*To MRS. JEFFRIES*) I regret, my dear—that you should be subjected to these family annoyances—

BREWSTER. Mr. Jeffries—I have decided to undertake Mr. Howard's defense—

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Looks at him indignantly—then haughtily says:*) Indeed!—then you will please consider our business relations to have ceased from

this moment—(*Crosses to L. 3 E. opens door, turns to BREWSTER, who continues to look at book*)  
Alicia!

(MRS. JEFFRIES *with a look at ANNIE signifying "to-night," crosses and exits, followed by MR. JEFFRIES.*)

ANNIE. Oh! Mr. Brewster!

BREWSTER. Well, who's afraid now? (*Sits in chair, back of table*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

**SCENE:**—Represents the Library of the home of BREWSTER. It is a square set in 3 with Fire-place L. 2 and General Entrances—door L. 3 E. and door R. 3 E. Back antique arch with square bay window. Leaded windows and window-seat—Running at R. and L. angles from R. C. corner of set to door and arch. Bookcases 4 feet high filled with books at R. 2 E. Bookcase built in flat, filled with books. Small table down R. with fancy lamp—blotter, ink-well, pen stand, data stand—etc. In the c. large 5½ or 6 foot Library table of covered weathered oak, in front of F. P. an armchair, to R. of T. an arm-chair—back of T. an armchair, and L. of table a smaller chair to match chair F. P.; and R. U. corner of arch, large armchair, in L. U. corner also up R.; large high pedestal down L. on which is a large sized jardiniere. Rich heavy red curtains, drawn, conceal the windows. A rich crimson carpet is on the floor, in the c.: a 12 to 14 feet square black fur-rug—brackets (3 light) up on R., and L. foots. The lamps must have fancy red shades. High panelled dark oak walls to within 8 feet of ceiling. The walls above panelling, of rich cream stucco work. The armchairs should be ELIZABETHAN period. The chair at F. P. of dark wood, leather seat, studded with large brass nail-heads. The chairs to L. of T. and up R. of Arch to match the chair. The general color-scheme is red and black or dark brass. On the table c. a humidor full of cigars; some books, and on mantel and book-cases, vases, bronzes, etc. An electric push-button on wall just above door R.

AT RISE:—BREWSTER *is seated at f. p. poring over some typewritten legal papers.* DR. BERNSTEIN *is seated l. of table. They have been discussing the papers in hand.* After a momentary pause, the SERVANT *enters with card on tray, goes to BREWSTER, who takes card.*

BREWSTER. (*To SERVANT*) Ask him to come up! (*SERVANT exits. To DR. BERNSTEIN*) It's Howard Jeffries' father—I was afraid he wouldn't come—I shall always be grateful for your promptness in responding to my request, and especially for this information.

DR. BERNSTEIN. I am only too happy to do anything in my power to assist you in this matter—I feel exactly as you do. I've read the boy's confession and I give you my professional word—it's absurd and contradictory—it sounds like the involuntary elaboration of a suggestion put into his mind by someone interested in the case—the law ought to recognize these scientific facts.

BREWSTER. (*Rising and around up towards the door as he speaks*) The law doesn't recognize metaphysics and I'm afraid it never will until our lawmakers study sciences as well as politics. (*HOWARD JEFFRIES, SR., enters d. l. a few steps—BERNSTEIN rises as he enters*) I'm glad you have come, Mr. Jeffries—permit me to introduce Dr. Bernstein—Mr. Howard Jeffries, Senior. (*Both acknowledge the introduction*) Won't you sit down?

(*Crossing in front of him to armchair l., and inviting him to sit. JEFFRIES, SR., crosses to armchair and sits, as BREWSTER does; DR. BERNSTEIN goes up and around to back of t.*)

MR. JEFFRIES. The matter is urgent, your message said.

BREWSTER. Yes—(*Crossing to r. end of t.*) Sit down, Doctor—(*Dr. BERNSTEIN acknowledges this, and sits in armchair back of t., then turns and faces him*) I expect Captain Clinton in a few minutes and the matter will be placed before you.

MR. JEFFRIES. The matter—of—of my son's—?

BREWSTER. Exactly—your presence is necessary and —

MR. JEFFRIES. But I do not wish to be present—you know that and yet you sent for me.

BREWSTER. Mr. Jeffries—it is positively necessary that you shall be present when I tell Captain Clinton that he has either wilfully or ignorantly forced your son to confess to having committed a crime of which I am persuaded he is absolutely innocent.

MR. JEFFRIES. If I can be of service, of course, I—I am only too glad—but what can I say—what can I do—

BREWSTER. (*Seating himself R. of t.*) Nothing—but the distinct moral effect of your presence is invaluable. Believe me—I would not have taken this step unless I was absolutely sure of my position—I have been informed that Underwood committed suicide—and to-night evidence confirming this statement is to be placed in my hands. The woman who paid him that mysterious visit just before his death has promised to come here and tell us what she knows. Now if Captain Clinton can be made to admit the possibility of his being mistaken it means that your son will be free in a few days.

MR. JEFFRIES. Who has given you this information?

(*The MAID enters with card and goes to BREWSTER R.*)

BREWSTER. Howard's wife—(*MR. JEFFRIES shrugs his shoulders*) She knows who the woman

is and has promised to bring her here to-night, with the evidence of Underwood's suicide.

MR. JEFFRIES. And you are depending on her

BREWSTER. Why not?

MR. JEFFRIES. She is the cause of the whole miserable business—this whole miserable business.

BREWSTER. (*To SERVANT*) Ask him up.

(*SERVANT exits door L. 3 E.*)

MR. JEFFRIES. I think you put too much faith in that woman, but you'll find out—you'll find out—you'll find out.

BREWSTER. Yes—after all, that's our object, Mr. Jeffries—to find out—

MR. JEFFRIES. What is the name of this mysterious witness? If the authorities haven't been able to find her, why should Howard's wife? There was a report that she herself was—acquainted with Underwood, or something—did she tell you who it was?

BREWSTER. No, she will tell us to-night.

MR. JEFFRIES. You'll see—another flash in the pan—I don't like being mixed up in this matter—it's disagreeable—most disagreeable.

BREWSTER. Yes, sir, it is disagreeable—but—unfortunately—it is life.

(*The MAID enters ushering in CAPT. CLINTON, who is followed by MALONEY. He lumbers in, in an aggressive, half-amused manner, indicating his supreme confidence in his own infallibility—he does not remove his hat until he comes well in. He moves down to L. C., MALONEY remains up L. C. After they are on, the MAID exits D. L. 3 E. BREWSTER rises.*)

CAPT. CLINTON. (*Moving down to L. C.*) Got your message, Mr. Brewster, and came as soon as

I could—excuse my bringing the Sergeant with me—sit over there, Maloney. (*MALONEY sits in chair L. U. corner*) He'll keep his eyes open and his mouth shut, so he won't interfere with anybody. (*Sees the Doctor; his manner changes and he greets him curtly and with half a frown*) How do, Doctor—

(*BREWSTER advances towards him, front of table, and courteously invites him to sit.*)

BREWSTER. Sit down, Captain—sit down—have a cigar. (*The CAPTAIN does so. BREWSTER points to humidor on table—The CAPTAIN declines with a “You can't bribe me” gesture and a smile—and sits chair L. of table—puts hat down on floor L. of him—introducing MR. JEFFRIES*) This is Mr. Jeffries, Senior.

CAPT. CLINTON. Yes—I know the gentleman—how do, Sir.

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Haughtily*) How do you do.

CAPT. CLINTON. Now, Mr. Brewster, explode your bomb, but I warn you I've made up my mind.

BREWSTER. (*r. of t.*) Well, I've made up my mind—so at least we start even.

CAPT. CLINTON. Yes.

BREWSTER. (*Sitting r. of t.*) As I stated in my letters, Captain Clinton—I don't want to use your methods in this matter—I don't want to spread reports about you—or accuse you in the papers—that's why I asked you to come over and discuss the matter informally with me—I want to give you a chance to change your attitude.

CAPT. CLINTON. Don't want any chance.

BREWSTER. You mean you don't want to change your attitude.

CAPT. CLINTON. Well—that's what I mean, I suppose.

BREWSTER. In other words, you have found this

—this boy guilty and you refuse to consider evidence which may tend to prove otherwise—

CAPT. CLINTON. 'Tain't my business to consider evidence—it's up to the Prosecuting Attorney.

BREWSTER. It will be—but at present it's up to you.

(*The CAPTAIN turns and looks at MALONEY as much as to say—"What do you think of that?"*)

CAPT. CLINTON. (*Then back to BREWSTER*) Me?

BREWSTER. Yes—you were instrumental in obtaining a confession from him. I'm raising a question as to the truth of that confession.

CAPT. CLINTON. Are we going over all that—what's the use—a confession is a confession and that settles it. (*The MAID enters with card and comes to BREWSTER R.*) I suppose the Doctor has been working his pet theory off on you and it's beginning to sprout.

BREWSTER. Yes, it's beginning to sprout, Captain. Tell her to wait till we are ready for her.

(*SERVANT exits D. L. 3 F.*)

CAPT. CLINTON. Say, Mr. Brewster, you're a great constitution lawyer—the greatest in this country—and I take off my hat to you, but I don't think criminal law is in your line.

BREWSTER. Well, I don't think it's constitutional to take a man's mind away from him and substitute your own, Captain Clinton.

CAPT. CLINTON. What do you mean?

BREWSTER. I mean that instead of bringing out of this man his own true thoughts of innocence—you have forced into his consciousness your own false thoughts of his guilt.

CAPT. CLINTON. I don't follow you, Mr. Brewster—better stick to International law—this police court work is beneath you.

BREWSTER. Perhaps—(*Rises and goes down r. a step or two, turns*) Captain, will you answer a few questions—?

(CAPTAIN turns and looks at MALONEY in the same manner.)

CAPT. CLINTON. It all depends.

BREWSTER. (*Over table to him*) If you don't I'll ask them through the medium of your own weapon—the press—only my press will not consist of the one or two yellow journals you inspire—but the independent dignified press of the United States.

CAPT. CLINTON. Inspire? Mr. Brewster, I don't like the insinuation.

BREWSTER. I don't insinuate, Captain Clinton—I accuse you of giving an untruthful version of this matter to two sensational newspapers and these papers have tried this young man in their columns and found him guilty, thus prejudicing the whole community against him before he comes to trial. In no other country in the civilized world would this be tolerated, but in a country overburdened with freedom.

CAPT. CLINTON. The early bird catches the worm—they have live reporters who asked me for information and got it—

BREWSTER. You have so prejudiced the community against him that there is scarcely a man who doesn't believe him guilty. If this matter ever comes to trial how can we get an unbiased jury? and, added to this foul injustice, you have branded this young man's wife with every stigma that can be put on womanhood—you have hinted that she is the mysterious woman who visited Underwood on the

night of the shooting—and openly suggested that she is the probable cause of the crime.

CAPT. CLINTON. Well, it's up to you to prove I'm wrong.

BREWSTER. You have besmirched her character with stories of scandal. You have linked her name with that of Underwood—the whole country rings with falsities about her—and in my opinion, Captain Clinton, your direct object is to destroy the value of any evidence she may give in her husband's favor—

CAPT. CLINTON. Why, I haven't said a word about her! (*Turns to MALONEY*) Have I, huh!

BREWSTER. (*Picking up newspaper clippings*) But these sensation-mongers have—and you are the only source from which they could obtain the information.

CAPT. CLINTON. Why—what do I gain?

BREWSTER. Advertisement—political capital—these same papers speak of you as the greatest living captain—the greatest public official—oh, you know the political value of that sort of thing as well as I do.

CAPT. CLINTON. I can't help what they say about me.

BREWSTER. They might add that you are also the richest man in the department—a millionaire on a salary of \$3,000 a year—but I won't go into that—

(DR. BERNSTEIN *shows his appreciation of this.*  
BREWSTER *sits.*)

CAPT. CLINTON. I don't like all this, Mr. Brewster—tain't fair—I ain't on trial.

BREWSTER. No. More's the pity. (*He picks up paper—the report of the case—and reads it an instant*) Captain—in the case of the People against Creedon—(*Puts paper down on table*) After ply-

ing him with questions for six hours you obtained a confession from him?

CAPT. CLINTON. Yes, he told me—he set the place on fire—

BREWSTER. Exactly—but it afterwards developed that he was never near the place.

CAPT. CLINTON. Well, he told me.

BREWSTER. Quite so, he told you—but it turned out that he was mistaken.

CAPT. CLINTON. Yes.

BREWSTER. (*Taking up another paper*) In the case of the People against Bently.

CAPT. CLINTON. That was Bently's own fault—I didn't ask him anything—he owned up himself. (*Turning to MALONEY as before*) You were there, Maloney.

BREWSTER. But you believed him guilty.

CAPT. CLINTON. Yes.

BREWSTER. You thought him guilty and after a fourteen-hour session you impressed this thought on his mind and he—he confessed—(*Putting paper down again*)

CAPT. CLINTON. I didn't impress anything—I just simply—

BREWSTER. You just convinced him that he was guilty—though, as it turned out, he was in prison at the time he was supposed to have committed the burglary.

CAPT. CLINTON. (*Sullenly*) It wasn't burglary.

BREWSTER. (*Picks up first paper, looks at it*) Quite right—Captain—my mistake—it was homicide—(*Putting paper on table again*) But it was an untrue confession.

CAPT. CLINTON. Yes.

BREWSTER. (*Picking up next paper*) It was the same thing in the Callahan case—(*Puts paper down, picking up another*) The People against Tuthill—and Cosgrove—Tuthill confessed and died

in prison—and Cosgrove afterwards acknowledged that he and not Tuthill was the guilty man—

CAPT. CLINTON. Well—mistakes sometimes happen—

BREWSTER. (*Rising and facing him*) That is precisely the point of view we take in this matter—Now, Captain—in the present case, on the night of the shooting and confession, did you show young Mr. Jeffries—the pistol with which he was supposed to have shot Robert Underwood?

(DR. BERNSTEIN *leans over table, keenly and interested waiting for the CAPTAIN'S reply.*)

CAPT. CLINTON. Yes—I think—I did—didn't I, Maloney? (*Turns to MALONEY as before*)

BREWSTER. Your word is sufficient, Captain—did you hold it up?

CAPT. CLINTON. Yes—I think I did.

BREWSTER. Do you know if there was a light shining on it—

(DR. BERNSTEIN *leans over a bit more intensely, watches the CAPTAIN.*)

CAPT. CLINTON. Don't know—might have been.

BREWSTER. (*To DR. BERNSTEIN*) Were there electric lights on the wall?

DR. BERNSTEIN. No, a lamp above.

CAPT. CLINTON. Oh—what difference does that make?

BREWSTER. Quite a little—the barrel of the revolver was bright—shining steel. (*BREWSTER is very impressive—driving every point home*) From the moment that Howard Jeffries' eye rested on the shining steel barrel of that revolver he was no longer a conscious personality—as he himself said to his wife—(*DR. BERNSTEIN resumes former position*) "They said I did it—and I knew I didn't—but after

I looked at that shining pistol I don't know what I said or did—everything became a blurr and a blank." Now, I may tell you, Captain, that this condition fits in every detail the clinical experiences of nerve specialists and the medical experiences of the psychologists. After seven hours constant cross-questioning while in a semi-dazed condition—you impressed on him your own ideas, you suggested to him what he should say—you extracted from him, not the thoughts that were in his consciousness but those that were in your own; is that the scientific fact, doctor?

DR. BERNSTEIN. Yes.

BREWSTER. The visual captivation of Howard Jeffries' attention makes the whole case complete and clear to the physician.

CAPT. CLINTON. Visual captivation is good! (*Laughs ironically and turns to MALONEY*) What do you think of it, Maloney?

MALONEY. Fine.

CAPT. CLINTON. It's a new one, eh?

BREWSTER. It's a very old one, Capt. Clinton, as old and as cruel as the Spanish Inquisition—In those days they extorted confessions from poor unfortunate suspects by means of physical torture. Your third degree method is mental torture, but it certainly explains these other cases, doesn't it?

CAPT. CLINTON. I don't know that it does—I don't acknowledge—

BREWSTER. Captain Clinton, whether you acknowledge it or not I can prove that you obtained these confessions by means of hypnotic suggestion—and that is a greater crime against society than any the State punishes or pays you to prevent—

(*CAPT. CLINTON grabs cigar out of box, viciously bites end off and commences angrily to chew it.*)

CAPT. CLINTON. I guess the boys up at Albany can deal with that question.

BREWSTER. The boys up at Albany know as little about the laws of psychology as you do—(*Picks up paper from t. and goes down r. a bit—then to back of chair r. of table*) This matter will be dealt with at Washington—

CAPT. CLINTON. (*Angrily—rises, grabbing hat and throws cigar on table*) I didn't come here to hear about that. You were going to produce the woman who called on Underwood the night of the murder—that was what I came here for—not to hear my methods criticised—where is she?

BREWSTER. One thing at a time, Captain—First, I wanted to—to show you that we know Howard Jeffries' confession is untrue and now we'll take up the other question. (*Crosses to r., rings electric button on r. wall*) This woman can prove that Robert Underwood committed suicide.

CAPT. CLINTON. She can, eh? Maybe she did it herself—someone did it—

(SERVANT enters D. L. 3.)

BREWSTER. Yes—someone did it—we agree there. (*To SERVANT*) Ask Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Jr., to come here.

SERVANT. Yes sir. (*Exits D. L. 3 E.*)

CAPT. CLINTON. Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Jr.! Is she the one—ha—that's easy.

BREWSTER. She has promised to produce the missing witness to-night.

CAPT. CLINTON. She has, eh! (*Crosses up to MALONEY—talks to him*)

(BREWSTER goes down R. a bit.)

MR. JEFFRIES. (*He has been listening intently—following every phase of the questioning with the*

*greatest possible interest—he now rises and crosses to BREWSTER.)* Is it possible—is it possible that Underwood did this himself—that the poor boy may have been innocent after all? Good God, what a surprise—I never dreamed of doubting his confession—Brewster, if this is true, I owe you a debt of gratitude—you've acted splendidly—I—I'm afraid I've been just a trifle unreasonable—

BREWSTER. Just a trifle.

DR. BERNSTEIN. (*Rises, looks at watch, crosses to L. as he speaks*) You must excuse me, Mr. Brewster—I've a very important engagement at the Hospital.

BREWSTER. Thank you very much, Doctor—I don't know what I should have done without you—

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Crossing to DR. BERNSTEIN*) I thank you too, sir—I'm greatly indebted to you.

DR. BERNSTEIN. (*Shaking hands with MR. JEFFRIES*) Don't speak of it; good-night, sir—(*Turns and goes to D. L. 3 E., turns laughingly to CAPT. CLINTON.*) Good-night Captain—(*Exits D. L. 3 E.*)

CAPT. CLINTON. (*Grunts*) Uh!

(MR. JEFFRIES turns, rests hand on chair L. of table)

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Going down L.*) I have no faith in this girl or her promises—(*Turns to mantel, back to audience—rests head on mantel*)

(ANNIE enters D. L. 3 E. comes down to L. C., as ANNIE enters, JEFFRIES turns down a bit.)

BREWSTER. (R. of T.) Mrs. Jeffries, I want to ask you a few questions.

ANNIE. (L. C. looks around, a second pause) May I speak to you alone, Mr. Brewster?

BREWSTER. Certainly.

CAPT. CLINTON. (*Coming down to back of table*) One moment—if this is all open and aboveboard, as

you say it is, Mr. Brewster—I'd like to ask the young lady a few questions myself.

BREWSTER. Certainly.

CAPT. CLINTON. (*To ANNIE*) You promised Mr. Brewster you'd produce the woman who called at Underwood's apartment the night of the—of the shooting— (*Pause—ANNIE doesn't reply—the CAPTAIN then sarcastically says:*) The witness wants instructions, Mr. Brewster.

BREWSTER. You can be perfectly frank, Mrs. Jeffries—we have no desire to conceal anything from Capt. Clinton.

ANNIE. Yes, I promised Mr. Brewster she'd come to-night.

CAPT. CLINTON. Did she promise you?

ANNIE. Yes.

CAPT. CLINTON. Well—where is she?

ANNIE. She hasn't come yet—but she will—I'm sure—I know she will.

CAPT. CLINTON. How did you come to find her?

ANNIE. (*Looks at JEFFRIES, SR., then at BREWSTER*) That I—I cannot say—now—

CAPT. CLINTON. Decline to answer, eh—what's her name?

ANNIE. I—(*Pause*)

CAPT. CLINTON. What's her name?

ANNIE. I cannot tell you.

CAPT. CLINTON. Do you know it?

ANNIE. Yes—

CAPT. CLINTON. Know it, but you won't say—hum.

MR. JEFFRIES. But you must speak—you know what it means—do you realize that my son's life is at stake?

ANNIE. Yes. And I'm glad to see that you're beginning to realize it, too. But I—I can't tell you yet.

BREWSTER. (*To ANNIE*) I think you had better tell us—I see no advantage in concealing it.

ANNIE. (*After pause*) She will tell you herself when she comes—

MR. JEFFRIES. Ha—I thought as much!

CAPT. CLINTON. Well, when she does come—she will be taken to headquarters and held as a witness.

BREWSTER. Arrested.

CAPT. CLINTON. That's what I said, Mr. Brewster—she's a material witness—the most important one the State has got—and I don't intend that she shall get away.

ANNIE. (*Crossing to BREWSTER*) Arrest her—Oh, Mr. Brewster—

BREWSTER. She is coming to my house of her own free will—she has trusted to my honor—

ANNIE. Yes—Yes.

CAPT. CLINTON. Honor cuts mighty little ice in the matter, Mr. Brewster, I shall hold her—

BREWSTER.. (*Crossing to back of table, around armchair. ANNIE sits down in it a little, same time.*) I will not permit such a disgraceful proceeding.

CAPT. CLINTON. With all due respect, Mr. Brewster, you won't be consulted—You have declared yourself counsel for the man who has been indicted for murder—I didn't ask you to take me into your confidence—you invited me here—treated me to a lecture on psychology for which I thank you very much—but I don't feel that I need any further instructions—if this woman ever does get here—the moment she leaves the house Maloney has instructions to arrest her, but I guess we needn't worry very much—she has probably forgotten her appointment. (*With a leer at ANNIE*) Some people are very careless in that respect—well, if it's all the same to you—I'll wait downstairs, Mr. Brewster—Gentlemen—see you latter—(*Turns, goes up and exits D. L. 3 E.*)

MR. JEFFRIES. I told you what it would be—a flash in the pan—(*Looks at ANNIE—seating himself at chair at fireplace*)

BREWSTER. (*To ANNIE*) You are sure?

ANNIE. (*Coming anxiously to R. of table and half leans over it*) Yes, I am sure—Oh, Mr. Brewster—don't let them arrest her—

BREWSTER. Who is it?

ANNIE. (*Looking at HOWARD JEFFRIES*) I can't tell you just now—she'll be here soon.

BREWSTER. Tell me now—

ANNIE. (*Turning away*) Please—please don't ask me.

MR. JEFFRIES. (*Angrily jumping to his feet*) As I told you, Mr. Brewster, her whole story is a fabrication trumped up for the purpose of—of—God knows what object she has in deceiving us, I don't—I only know that I warned you what you might expect—what you always may expect from people of her class.

BREWSTER. (*Coming down to JEFFRIES*) Will you go into my study for a few moments—Mr. Jeffries—Let me speak to her alone, I'll find out—(*Turns toward R. then stands back to audience.*)

MR. JEFFRIES. I am going home—I have had a most painful evening—most painful—let me know the result of your investigation as soon as possible. (*Goes up to D. L. 3 E., when there, speaks*) Brewster, I may not show it, but I'm anxious—more anxious than you can possibly believe. Good-night—(*Exits D. L. 3 E.*)

BREWSTER. (*L. C., turns severely to ANNIE*) Do you want me to lose all faith in you?

ANNIE. No, Mr. Brewster—

BREWSTER. Then tell me why you conceal—this woman's name.

ANNIE. (*Advancing to him a step or two*) Because I don't want to be the one to—to—to expose her.

BREWSTER. (*Advancing to her*) Yes, but in the meantime you—are casting suspicion on yourself

—your father-in-law fully believes that it was you, and Captain Clinton suspects—

ANNIE. I don't care what any one thinks, as long as you don't—(*Turns away to R. a bit*)

BREWSTER. Candidly—I don't know—what to think—I want to think the very best of you, Annie—but you won't let me—

ANNIE. (*Going to him*) I suppose I'd better tell you and have done with it—but I don't like to—

(*SERVANT enters D. L. with a card which he hands to BREWSTER—ANNIE is about to tell BREWSTER. When she sees SERVANT, she stops abruptly and goes to R.*)

SERVANT. She wants to see you at once—

BREWSTER. To see me—are you sure she hasn't come for Mr. Jeffries?

SERVANT. No, sir—she was quite positive—

ANNIE. (*Coming to him anxiously*) It's—Mrs. Jeffries—

BREWSTER. Yes—

ANNIE. Will you let me see her, Mr. Brewster—I'll tell her who it is and she can tell you—she's—she's a woman and I'd rather—let me speak to her, please—please.

BREWSTER. (*Looks at her intently a moment, then speaks to SERVANT.*) Ask Mrs. Jeffries to come up. (*SERVANT exits D. L. 3 E. BREWSTER looks at ANNIE a moment, crosses to R., turns and speaks*) I am free to confess that I don't understand you—and I am more than disappointed in your failure to keep your word—you promised definitely that you would bring this witness here—on the strength of which promise I made statements to Capt. Clinton that I have not been able to substantiate. (*Crossing to door R. 3 E. opens it—his hand on the knob*) The whole story looks like an invention on our part—(*As BREWSTER Crosses to R. ANNIE follows.*)

ANNIE. It's not an invention—ah, Mr. Brewster just a little while longer—you've been so kind—so patient—

BREWSTER. I believed you implicitly—(*He opens the door again, following her*) You were so positive this woman would come forward—

ANNIE. She will—she will—give me—only—a few minutes—

BREWSTER. (*Questioningly*) A few minutes? (*Looks at her a moment—then shakes his head.*) Well, it's infectious—I believe you again. (*He opens door and exits D. R. 3 E.*)

(*ANNIE pauses an instant, goes to R. of table and just as she lays down muff and bag, MRS. HOWARD JEFFRIES, SR., appears in doorway L. 3 E. They see each other—ANNIE perfectly motionless—MRS. JEFFRIES is perceptibly agitated. She enters and as she passes couch in front of fireplace she throws her wrap over it and comes to chair L. of table—in her hand wrapped in a kerchief she carries UNDERWOOD'S letter.*)

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*As she crosses to chair*) Have you told Mr. Brewster?

ANNIE. No—I tried to, but I couldn't—I was afraid you weren't coming—

MRS. JEFFRIES. I went to say good-bye to my mother.

ANNIE. To say good-bye?

MRS. JEFFRIES. I have said good-bye to her—(*She sits in chair L. of table*) I have said good-bye to everybody—to everything—to myself.

ANNIE. Oh, it isn't as bad as that, surely?

MRS. JEFFRIES. Oh, I've reckoned it all out—it's loss—a total loss—husband—position—good name—all will go—you'll see—I shall be torn into little bits of shreds—they won't leave anything unsaid,

but it's not that I care for so much—it's the injustice of it all—of the power of evil—this man Underwood—never did a good action in all his life—and now even after he is dead—he has the power to go on destroying—destroying—

ANNIE. He was no good, that fellow—(Goes around R. H. back of T near MRS. JEFFRIES.)

MRS. JEFFRIES. I haven't even the ambition to defend myself—it's Mr. Jeffries who will suffer—

ANNIE. I wouldn't lose any sleep on his account. (Pauses—sympathetically) But surely he won't believe it.

MRS. JEFFRIES. If the circumstances were only less disgraceful—(Takes out UNDERWOOD's letter.) A suicide's last letter to the woman he loved—they'll say I drove him to do it—they won't think of—his miserable dishonest career—they'll only think of my share in his death—

ANNIE. It's tough, isn't it? And the worst of it is they're going to arrest you—

MRS. JEFFRIES. (Jumping to her feet in terror) Arrest me? Put me in prison? What for, Annie?

ANNIE. That's what Captain Clinton says—he was here—he's here now—with two men waiting for you downstairs—he's afraid you'll run away or something.

MRS. JEFFRIES. But he doesn't know who I am—(Sinks into chair L. of table)

ANNIE. No, I didn't tell them, I said you'd tell 'em yourself, but they won't trust you when they know who you are—let's tell Mr. Brewster—he may think of a plan—suppose you go away until—this is awful—awful—(Looks at MRS. JEFFRIES, sees that she is helpless) It stuns a person—don't it? You can't think when it comes like this—it's just the way I felt the morning they showed me Howard's confession.

MRS. JEFFRIES. Prison—prison.

ANNIE. Not for long—you can get bail—Mr. Brewster would get you out right away.

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Must pick up cue quickly to prevent a laugh—jumping to her feet*) My God, I can't—I can't—Oh, that's too much—I've done nothing—nothing—look—(*Shows letter*). You can see for yourself—the wretch wrote me—wrote me—frightened me into such a state of mind that I hardly knew what I was doing—and I went—to try to prevent him—that's all—Annie, that's all, but do you suppose that anyone will believe it? (*Breaks down—falls weeping into chair L. of T. The letter is in her R. hand, her head buried in her arms*)

ANNIE. (*Comforting her*) Hush—don't—don't give way—be brave—it will save Howard—let me see the letter—(*MRS. JEFFRIES hands it to her without moving—ANNIE takes it—wiping away a tear*) I'm crying myself. (*She takes letter from envelope and reads*) "Dear Mrs. Jeffries—This is the last time I shall ever burden you with my presence or bore you with my letters. You have forbidden me to see you again—you have sentenced me to a living death—but as I prefer death, shall not be partial—but full and complete oblivion, I take this means of letting you know that unless you revoke your cruel sentence I will make an end of it all—I shall be found dead to-morrow morning—and you will know who is the real cause—Your devoted slave, Robert Underwood." (*Pause, looks at her*) This is great for Howard—I'm glad you didn't destroy it—(*ANNIE comes around to MRS. JEFFRIES L.*) But what a mean hound to write things like that—these kind of fellows breed trouble, don't they? Alive or dead, they breed trouble. (*Sighs*) Well—what are we to do?

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Rising—looking to front determinedly*) Howard must be cleared—of course—and I must face it—alone—

ANNIE. Yes, you'll be alone all right—Mr. Jef-

fries will do about as much for you as he did for his son—just watch him.

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Turning to her appealingly*) You do him an injustice, Annie.

ANNIE. Well—maybe—Honest to God I'm heart-broken. (*Goes to her sympathetically*) I'd do anything to save you from this—this public disgrace. (*Indicating letter*)

MRS. JEFFRIES. Yes—I realize that, but the disgrace of arrest—(*Rising frantically*) I can't, Annie—I can't go to prison, even if it's only for a moment—give me that letter—(*Reaches for letter*) ANNIE puts it behind her in her L. hand and retreats to L. MRS. JEFFRIES follows frantically appealing for it, through her speech ANNIE says "no—no"—finally at cue "How can I") I'll leave New York to-night—I'll go to Europe—send it from Paris—you'll trust me to do that, won't you? Give it to me, Annie. (*Reaches out for letter*) Please—please trust me.

ANNIE. (*Withholding letter—Mrs. Jeffries appealing*) No—no—How can I?

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Still appealing*) Please—please do. You can tell them when I'm out of the country—don't ask me to make this sacrifice now—don't ask me—don't. (*Breaks down on ANNIE*)

ANNIE. (*Determinedly*) No—you've lost your nerve now—you don't know what you're saying—(*Crossing R., speaking as she goes*) Howard's life comes before you—me—everybody—you know that.

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Going to ANNIE*) Yes—yes—I know that. I'm—I'm only asking you to wait—I—I ought to have left New York this morning—that's what I should have done—gone at once—now—it's too late—unless you help me. (*Clinging to ANNIE*)

ANNIE. I'll help you all I can—but I—I've promised Mr. Brewster to—to-clear the matter up to-night.

CAPT. CLINTON. (*Speaks outside*) Tell him to wait outside, Maloney.

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Terror-stricken, clings to ANNIE*) Annie—

ANNIE. (*Grasping her hand*) Hush!

(CAPT. CLINTON *enters D. I. 3 E. coming down L. C.*)

CAPT. CLINTON Oh, excuse me—I thought Mr. Brewster was here—

ANNIE. He'll be here in a moment—

CAPT. CLINTON. Well, is this your mysterious witness?

ANNIE. (*Crossing to c. as she does so—MRS. JEFFRIES gets to chair*) This is Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Senior, my husband's mother—

(MRS. JEFFRIES *sits.*)

CAPT. CLINTON. Oh, I beg your pardon, Madam, I wanted to tell Mr. Brewster I was going—(*To ANNIE*) Well, you might as well own up, you've played a trick on us—(*Laughs*) You've played a trick on all of us.

ANNIE. No, Captain, I told you the simple truth and naturally you don't believe it—

CAPT. CLINTON. The simple truth may do for Mr. Brewster—but it won't do for me—I never expected this mysterious witness to make an appearance—and why not? Because, begging your pardon for doubting your word, there's no such a person.

ANNIE. And begging your pardon for disputing your words, there is such a person. (*Crossing to R.*)

CAPT. CLINTON. Then where is she?—I'll tell you where she is—she's right here—

(BREWSTER *enters D. R. 3 E. and goes to back of T.—Positions.* ANNIE *down R. C.* BREWSTER *back*

*of T. MRS. JEFFRIES in chair R. of T. CAPT. CLINTON L. of T.)*

You knew the men when they were at college—You knew Underwood before you knew young Jeffries—It was Underwood who introduced you to your husband—it was Underwood who aroused your husband's jealousy—you went to his rooms that night—your husband followed you there—and the shooting took place—false confession, eh? Hypnotism, eh—well, I guess it's International law for yours after this, Mr. Brewster.

ANNIE. Is that so?

BREWSTER. (*To ANNIE*) Please say nothing—

MRS. JEFFRIES. (*Who has been sitting in chair R. of table, hopelessly crushed, rouses herself to quiet resignation and determination—BREWSTER goes to back of chair L. of table*) Annie, the truth must come out sooner or later—Give Captain Clinton the letter—now—(*ANNIE hesitates*) Please—

(*ANNIE pauses, crosses slowly to c. and hands CAPT. CLINTON the letter. He is about to take it, when BREWSTER places restraining hand on his arm and takes it.*)

BREWSTER. Excuse me, she is my client—I'll take care of her—(*ANNIE is a little to c. CAPT. CLINTON to L. BREWSTER opens letter and reads*) "Dear Mrs. Jeffries—this is the last time I shall burden you with my presence—(*Pauses as he reads letter—silently*) I will make an end of it all—I shall be found dead to-morrow morning." (*Pause*) Suicide—"Robert Underwood—" (*To CAPTAIN CLINTON pointing to letter*)

CAPT. CLINTON. Suicide—oh, that's probably a forgery—

BREWSTER. If it is a forgery it will be a very simple matter for you to prove it—

CAPT. CLINTON. Oh, we'll take care of that later on—Mrs. Jeffries—(*She slowly rises*) I'll trouble you to go with me to headquarters—

(MRS. JEFFRIES, *as if in obedience to his command, takes a step toward him—she is restrained by ANNIE, who catches her hand—this movement is not seen by CAPTAIN CLINTON or BREWSTER.*)

BREWSTER. Mrs. Jeffries will not go with you—she has made no attempt to leave the state.

CAPT. CLINTON. She's wanted at headquarters—

BREWSTER. She'll be there to-morrow morning.

CAPT. CLINTON. She'll be there to-night—the moment she attempts to leave the house, I shall arrest her—Good-night, Mr. Brewster—(*Goes to door L. 3 E. turns to ANNIE*) I'll be waiting for you downstairs, Mrs. Jeffries—(*Exits D. L. 3 E.*)

(*As CAPTAIN CLINTON goes up, BREWSTER makes the discovery that the letter is addressed to MRS. JEFFRIES, SR., at CAPTAIN CLINTON'S exit—he gives a cry and turns to ANNIE.*)

BREWSTER. (*To ANNIE*) You are not the woman to whom this Underwood letter was addressed—(*ANNIE doesn't answer*) I'm your counsel—you must tell me the truth—is it your intention to go on the witness stand and commit perjury—is it? Answer me.

ANNIE. Commit perjury?

BREWSTER. (*Turning to MRS. JEFFRIES, SR.*) And is it your intention to allow her to do so?

MRS. JEFFRIES. No—no.

BREWSTER. (*Holding out envelope to her*) This letter is addressed to you—at your 5th Avenue home—and is intended for you?

MRS. JEFFRIES. Yes—

BREWSTER. Then I repeat, is it your intention to

perjure yourself—(ANNIE *does not reply*) But let me ask you—do you expect me, as your counsel, to become participants criminis to this tissue of lies—am I expected to build up a false structure for you to swear to? Am I? Answer me, am I?

ANNIE. I don't know—I hadn't thought of it—(*Then realizing the advantage to her husband, she crosses to chair L. of T.*) If it can be done, why not? It's a good idea—I'm glad you suggested it—everybody says I'm the woman who called on Robert Underwood that night—Well—that's all right—let them think so—what difference does it make as long as Howard goes free? (*Turns and goes quickly up to door L. 3 E. BREWSTER speaks as she goes up*)

BREWSTER. Don't go, Annie. Captain Clinton's waiting outside—

ANNIE. (*Turning to door*) I wouldn't keep Captain Clinton waiting for the world. Good-night, Mr. Brewster—God bless you—(*Exits quickly, door L. 3 E.*)

BREWSTER. Annie!

(*As curtain is falling Mrs. JEFFRIES' knees sink from under her, and she slowly falls on stage, arms and head resting on table.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT IV.

**SCENE:**—*Dining room of flat occupied by Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD JEFFRIES, JR. It is a plain unpretentious \$40 a month flat in Harlem. On the L., archway with portieres drawn back, and lambrequin of plain (or creton) material, showing kitchen beyond. In plain view against back ing, as shown, the usual wash tubs and sink. The wash tubs are covered with oil cloth. On a shelf above the tubs is a shelf, on which an assortment of cannisters and caddies marked "sugar," "tea" "coffee" "salt", etc., and a clock; on the wash stand some bottles of condiments and sauces—and a coffee mill. Obliquely across jog of alcove up C. and arch piece, is set of china closet, with glass front, containing an assortment of chinaware, plain and fancy, enough to fill the shelves of the closet. On the top, some cut glass and two handsome beer steins, up L. C. is a square alcove, two 3 foot jogs and solid door leading to the bed room—directly behind this door is a dressing table or bureau on which are toilet articles, neckties, and a soiled collar or two; against flat up R. C. is a buffet which must be tastefully dressed with buffet scarf and doilies, cut glass, silver tray; and tea and coffee pot, cream jug, sugar bowl, etc. In the drawer is a table cloth of dark red material and two napkins. At rise, there must be a buffet, 2 knives and forks—2 teaspoons, one large knife, crumb tray and brush, two cups and saucers and 2 butter plates. In the corner between door which is set obliquely down R. is a clothes tree, on which are hanging a rain coat, overcoat, and HOWARD JEFFRIES, JR'S., hat.*

*Against jog which runs off at R. angle from door piece, a steam radiator, above this, against wall, is a hanging book-shelf filled with novels and magazines; in the corner is a silver-handled cane; before window at R. an ordinary couch. The window is draped with lace curtains, and red curtains on each side. There are carpet rugs before couch, door R. 3 E., door up c. and before kitchen. Ground cloth down, over which is a small medallion to match the environment. In the c. is the dining table covered with clean white table cloth. Dining room chairs at each side of it, and back of it, also one against flat L. below kitchen. In kitchen, prepared to be taken on, is a black dish tray on which are two plates, a plate of rolls, a butter plate with butter, a pot of hot coffee and a plate with 3 or 4 slices of cooked bacon—also a hot iron plate and a pot of cold water to obtain boiled-over milk effect.*

NOTE:—*This plate must be kept hot, so that when the water is poured on it, the hissing sound is distinctly heard—and the steam seen by the audience.*

DISCOVERED:—*At rise, ANNIE is discovered at buffet, back to audience, as if preparing to lay table for breakfast. She turns and brings with her two knives and forks and 2 teaspoons, and lays them, one set at L. of T., one set at back; goes back stops an instant to listen at door up c. (but does not go to it) then goes up, gets cream jug and sugar bowl containing milk and sugar, sets them on table, goes up c. a bit—listens—then goes softly on toes (not tip-toeing) toward kitchen. When within 3 feet of kitchen, door-bell in kitchen rings. She turns, goes to door R. opens it and sees DR. BERNSTEIN, who steps into room.*

ANNIE. Oh, good-morning, Dr. Bernstein. (*She closes door and gets L. a step or two*)

DR. BERNSTEIN. Good-morning, Mrs. Jeffries—Well, how is our patient this morning?

ANNIE. All right, Doctor—he had a splendid night's rest—I'll call him. (*She starts for door c.*)

DR. BERNSTEIN. Never mind—(*She stops*) I want to talk to you—May I?—(*Bus.* ANNIE pauses as if uncertain—coming down to L. of T. the DOCTOR grins. DR. BERNSTEIN twice comes down to R. of T., removing gloves and both seat themselves through following speech) Thank you, Mrs. Jeffries—your husband needs a change of scenery—he's worrying—that fainting spell last night was only a symptom—I'm afraid he'll break down—unless—unless—

ANNIE. Unless what? (*Hot milk effect off in kitchen L. She jumps to her feet and rushes into kitchen*) Oh, Lord—the milk is boiling over—excuse me. (*She waits in kitchen a moment; the hissing and steam stops—she re-enters taking off her apron and throwing it over back of chair L. Then comes toward DOCTOR, almost back of table*) So that's what's the matter?

DR. BERNSTEIN. Mrs. Jeffries! Your husband is under a deep mental strain—his inability to support you—his inability to occupy his position in the social world is mental torture—I was talking to his father last night and—

ANNIE. And—(*Draws herself up*)

DR. BERNSTEIN. (*Leaning over T. to her*) Now don't regard me as an enemy because Mr. Jeffries enquired after his son—believe me, he's very anxious—he knows he did the boy a great injustice and he wants to make up for it.

ANNIE. How does he propose to do it? (*She moves up to c. a bit*)

DR. BERNSTEIN. (*Pauses, as if he didn't like his mission to suggest it; looks front*) Suppose your

husband went abroad for—a few months with his father and mother?

ANNIE. (*Coming back to L. U. end of table with sugar bowl which she puts on T.*) Is that the proposition?

DR. BERNSETIN. (*Looking up at her*) I believe Mr. Jeffries has spoken to his son.

ANNIE. He wants to separate us. (*She moves down to L. of T. and seats herself*) Well, perhaps he's not altogether wrong—things look pretty black for me, don't they—everybody believes that my going to see Underwood that night had something to do with his suicide and led to my husband being falsely accused. The police built up a fine romance about him and the papers were—the limit—and they're not through yet—if everybody would let us alone he might forget. (*DR. BERNSTEIN makes a depreciating gesture leaning over table, as much as to say "You don't think I?"*) I don't mean you, Dr. Bernstein, you're my friend. (*She holds out hand and he takes it*) You and Mr. Brewster settled Captain Clinton and that false confession—I mean, people—outsiders—strangers—who don't know us. (*They release hands, he turns front again*) and don't care whether we're alive or dead—they buy a one-cent paper and they think that it gives them a right to pry into every little detail of our lives. And so you think he is under a mental strain? (*DR. BERNSTEIN nods "yes"*) Well, I think so, too—I thought it was because of the letter that Mr. Underwood wrote me—but I guess it's this life—his old friends won't have anything to do with him and—he's lonely. (*Rises and goes up L. a step or two*) Well, I'll talk it over with Howard—(*Pause*) Seen Mr. Brewster lately?

DR. BERNSTEIN. No! Not since he sailed for Europe.

ANNIE He's a fine man, isn't he?

DR. BERNSTEIN. Yes—yes! (*Rising and going R. a bit*) Well, you see Howard and—

ANNIE. (*Turning to him*) Did you promise his father you'd ask me?

DR. BERNSTEIN. No—no—not exactly—

ANNIE. Howard's a pretty good fellow to stand by me in the face of all that's being said about my character, isn't he? (*DR. BERNSTEIN nods "yes"*) And I'm not going to stand in his light, Dr. Bernstein—even if it don't exactly make me the happiest woman in the world—(*Enter HOWARD D. C., comes down to her takes her in his arms*) Hello, Howard—did you wake up? Dr. Bernstein didn't like to disturb you—so we just talked—excuse me a moment—(*Exits into kitchen*)

HOWARD. (*Coming down to DR. BERNSTEIN, who advances to meet him*) How do, Doctor? (*They shake hands*)

DR. BERNSTEIN. How do you do? How do you feel? (*Takes out his watch and feels pulse, looking at him keenly*)

HOWARD. First rate—I'm all right—what's all this anxiety about me?

DR. BERNSTEIN. How did you sleep?

HOWARD. First rate.

DR. BERNSTEIN. Dream?

HOWARD. Don't remember. (*HOWARD goes to chair L. of table. DR. BERNSTEIN goes to R. C., picking up gloves from table as he goes. Same time ANNIE enters from kitchen with tray of bread, rolls and coffee, puts them on R. side of table, speaking as she comes*)

ANNIE. Howard mixes up his meals, Doctor—he always eats his lunch for breakfast. (*Laughs*) Don't you? (*Bus. with table*)

HOWARD. Hum—the smell of toast makes me hungry.

ANNIE. Well, it isn't toast—it's burnt bacon. (*To Doctor, HOWARD sits L. of table*) Are yo'

sure you won't join us? (*Takes food from tray and serves Howard*)

DR. BERNSTEIN. No, thank you. (*Goes up to tree, gets out and bag, speaking as he goes*) I'll drop in this evening—good-bye, Mrs. Jeffries, good-bye, Howard. (*Exits door R. 3 E.*)

HOWARD. Good-bye.

ANNIE. Good-bye!

HOWARD. (*ANNIE seating herself*) He's a good chap—Dr. Bernstein.

ANNIE. Yes—(*Pours out coffee for Howard and herself—serving him with cream and sugar*) He helped Brewster make a monkey of Captain Clinton, all right.

HOWARD. What did he want?

ANNIE. To see you. (*Through scene he eats breakfast, she thoughtfully stirring and sipping coffee*)

HOWARD. About last night? Oh, that was nothing—just a little spell—you're the one that needs tuning up—I heard you crying last night—you thought I was asleep—but I wasn't—

ANNIE. I was thinking over—what they're saying about us—

HOWARD. Let them say what they like—why should we care as long as we're happy?

ANNIE. Yes—but—are we happy?

HOWARD. Of course we are—

ANNIE. (*Looks at him tenderly*) Yes, but sooner or later you'll ask yourself the question your friends are asking now—the question everybody seems to be asking—

HOWARD. What question?

ANNIE. Yesterday a gentleman called and asked me if it was true we were going to be divorced, if so, when and would I give him some information on the subject—I asked him who wanted the information and he said the readers of his paper—the people—I believe he said over a million of them—just

think Howard over a million people all anxiously waiting to know why you don't get rid of me. (*Sadly and thoughtfully resting her chin in her r. hand, while she stirs coffee*)

HOWARD. Annie old girl—I may be weak—I may be blind—but nobody on top of God's green earth can tell me that you're not the squarest, straightest woman that ever lived. I don't care a damn what one million or eighty million think—Supposing you did get letters from Underwood—supposing you did go to his place and beg him not to kill himself—what of it—I don't believe what they say—because I can't believe it—I've tried and I can't—it isn't in me to think badly of you and that's all there is to it.

ANNIE. (*Turning to him smilingly and taking his right hand in both hers*) Howard, you're just splendid and I feel proud of you—but what of the future—the years to come—(*Bus.—HOWARD's face falls*) Ah—you see—you've thought about it, too—and you're trying to hide it from me. (*Releases hand and resumes former attitude*) But you can't Howard—you can't—Your father wants you to go abroad with the family.

HOWARD. Well?

ANNIE. Well—I think you'd better go.

HOWARD. Do you?

ANNIE. He wants you to take your position in the world—the position that I'm preventing you from taking—

HOWARD. (*Turning away a bit to l.*) Yes,—Father has spoken to me about it—he wants to be friends now and do what he can for me—and I—I admit I've promised to consider, but—

ANNIE. You're going to accept his offer, Howard—you owe it to yourself (*Rises, bitterly and tearfully, takes her own napkin and folding it as she is going up and places it in drawer of buffet*) to your family and a million readers—

HOWARD. Annie, why do you work against your-

self, all the time? You keep urging me on, and urging me on; it isn't fair to yourself.

ANNIE. (*Coming down to him and putting one arm about him and stroking his hair*) I want you to be happy—you can't be happy under these conditions—now be honest with me—can you? (*Pause*)

HOWARD. Can you?

ANNIE. No—not unless you are. Whatever happiness I've had in life, I owe to you, and God knows you've had nothing but trouble from me. Come, dear, you must do what's best for yourself, in doing that—you'll do what is best for me. (*He doesn't reply, but moodily keeps quiet*) You must—(*He seems to yield, she goes to back of table and commences to put dishes on the tray*) I'm going to pack your things and you can go just as soon as you can get ready—(*Assuming a cheerful attitude*) I'm sorry your last meal was a burnt one. (*He is still a bit thoughtful*) Come, dear, it's all for the best.

HOWARD. Well—p'r'aps—you're right—(*Bus. lights a cigarette*) Maybe a little trip through Europe will do me good—kind a pull me together—so to speak.

ANNIE. Of course it will—you'll break down or something if you don't go—(*Takes other napkin, folding it up as she goes up and puts it in drawer of buffet*) A trip abroad is just what you need—why, your face has brightened up already.

HOWARD. I wish you could go with us.

ANNIE. (*Smilingly shaking head*) No. (*Takes up crumb tray and brush and comes down with it and immediately commences to brush up crumbs*) Where is it, Paris or Switzerland? (*Ready for door bell*)

HOWARD. London, Paris—Vienna—no I think I'll cut Vienna out—I'm a married man—I mustn't forget that—(*Smiling at her*)

ANNIE. (*Laughs—looks at him*) Why, you've

forgotten it already. (*Shaking her head*) Ah, you're such a boy.

HOWARD. Well—now—you said you wanted me to go—

ANNIE. And I do—Howard, you've made me quite happy—yes, you have.

HOWARD. You love me, and yet you're happy because I'm going away—I don't follow that line of reasoning.

ANNIE. (*Puts down crumb tray and brush—comes to him and crosses him*) It isn't reason—it's what I feel—I guess a man wants to have what he loves—and a woman is satisfied just to love—what she wants. (*Takes up sugar bowl and crumb tray to buffet, speaking as she goes*) Anyway I'm glad you're going. Go and tell your father.

HOWARD. (*Rises and goes up around table and hat tree—gets his hat and puts it on. Same time ANNIE comes to back of table and arranges dishes on tray*) Telephone him.

ANNIE. (*Coming down*) That's right. I'm glad it's settled.

HOWARD. Where's my stick?

ANNIE. In the corner there. (*He goes and gets it, and goes right to door and opens it*) Don't be long, dear.

HOWARD. Come right back. (*In door way*) By George—I feel quite excited at the prospect—(*Comes to her*) It's awfully good of you, old girl, to—to think of me—I don't think there are many woman like you—

ANNIE. Now don't spoil me—(*Lifts up tray—about to go*)

HOWARD. Wait till I kiss you good-bye—(*Takes tray from her—places it on table—he kisses her*) Good-bye—won't be long—

(*Bus. Bangs door—as soon as HOWARD has gone she crosses to chair L. of table, sinks into*

*it and falls sobbing on T. After a moment's pause, door bell rings. Still half sobbing, she rises and crosses to door R. 3 E. drying her eyes as she goes—gets close to door and speaks.)*

ANNIE. Who is there?

BREWSTER. (*Outside*) Someone to see you, Mrs. Jeffries.

ANNIE. (*Quickly drying her eyes and repressing her emotion, opens door and BREWSTER enters*) Oh, Mr. Brewster—won't you come in?

BREWSTER. (*Enters. ANNIE closes door and backs L. a bit*) How do you do, Mrs. Jeffries?

ANNIE. I'm so glad to see you, won't you sit down?

(*They shake hands—BREWSTER puts hat on dresser, stick in corner—throws gloves in hat. Comes down to R. chair of table and sits; same time ANNIE goes to table picks up tray and dishes, takes them to washtub in kitchen and puts them down there.*)

BREWSTER. (*Coming down to T. and sits*) Your husband passed me on the stairs and didn't know me—

ANNIE. (*Returning, goes to table, takes off white table cloth, folding it, and goes up to buffet with it*) The passage way is so dark.

BREWSTER. Yes—

ANNIE. Where have you been?

BREWSTER. Mostly on the ocean. When does your husband leave you?

ANNIE. (*Turning to him at buffet*) How do you know that? (*Is up at buffet by this time, gets out red table cloth and comes down lays it during BREWSTER'S speech*)

BREWSTER. Hadn't been back in New York an hour when his father's lawyer asked me for all the

evidence I had—They want to use it against you—the idea is that he shall go abroad with his father and that divorce proceedings will be begun during his absence.

ANNIE. Howard knows nothing about it—

BREWSTER. Sure?

ANNIE. (*At back of table*) Quite sure—

BREWSTER. But he is going away?

ANNIE. (*Coming to L. of table and sitting*) Yes—I want him to go—I am sending him away.

BREWSTER. Do you know they intend to make Robert Underwood the ground for the application for divorce and to use your own perjured testimony as a weapon against you. You see what a lie leads to—there's no end to it—and you are compelled to go on lying to support the original lie—and that's precisely where I intervene.

ANNIE. (*Nods*) I knew you were going to scold me.

BREWSTER. Scold you—no—it's myself I'm scolding—it's my fault—you did what you thought was right and I allowed you to do what I knew was wrong.

ANNIE. You made two miserable women happy.

BREWSTER. I tried to excuse myself on those grounds, but it won't work—I violated my oath as a lawyer—my integrity as a man—my honor—my self-respect—all upset—I've been a very unpleasant companion for myself lately—I should have prevented it—

ANNIE. How? My affidavit was sworn to when you arrived at Police headquarters—you were too late, Mr. Brewster—Captain Clinton said you didn't understand Police Court methods—those gentlemen get up very early.

BREWSTER. I should have gone before the grand jury and told them the truth, and that's what brings me here this morning—the first move they make against you I'll tell the whole story.

ANNIE. I don't believe Howard's father will dare go that far.

BREWSTER. Oh, Howard's father is—a—a—  
*(Hesitates)*

ANNIE. *(Leaning on table)* Won't you please say it?

BREWSTER. He's an obstinate, self-satisfied old martinet.

ANNIE. Is that all? I could have done better than that myself—if they do succeed in influencing him to bring a suit against me, I shan't defend it.

BREWSTER. *(Rises and goes down R.)* Perhaps not, but I will. *(Coming back to behind R. U. end of table)* It's unjust, Annie, it's unrighteous, it's impossible.

ANNIE. But I am to blame.

BREWSTER. You're too anxious to blame yourself.

ANNIE. *(Leans on table toward him)* Let me tell you something, Mr. Brewster: I deceived Howard as to my age, I'm older than he is, he thinks I'm younger.

BREWSTER. Well you're not the first woman who has done that, believe me. However, you'll look 25 when he's 40, and that's an extenuating circumstance.

ANNIE. I took advantage of his inexperience, Mr. Brewster, and I'm not going to let this one mistake ruin his career.

BREWSTER. He's twenty-five—and if boys of that age are not men—they never will be—upon my word—if I was twenty-five I'd let this divorce go through and marry you myself. *(Goes down R. up R. and down again through laugh)*

ANNIE. *(Leans on table)* Oh, Mr. Brewster!

BREWSTER. *(Goes up R. then down again to R. U. end of table)* But I'm not—so we won't discuss it—now don't pretend to be pleased.

ANNIE. *(Leaning on table)* But I am pleased,

Mr. Brewster—whether you mean it or not—It was a nice thing to say—

BREWSTER. (*Coming to back of table*) At this precious moment I can't say whether I meant it or not, but you are a rare woman, and you're not above telling unpleasant truths about yourself—and God knows that's rare enough in a woman—or a man, either.

(Enter HOWARD JEFFRIES R. 3 E. *Puts hat on tree, stick in corner, sees MR. BREWSTER, comes to him, glad to see him.*)

HOWARD. Mr. Brewster—well!

BREWSTER. How do you do young man—hum—you look very pleased with yourself.

HOWARD. This is the first opportunity I've had to thank you for your—your—kindness.

BREWSTER. You can thank your wife, my boy—So you're going abroad—eh?

HOWARD. Yes—did Annie tell you? It's only for a few months.

BREWSTER. Only for a few months, eh?

HOWARD. I've just told father—over the phone—that I'd made up my mind to go.

BREWSTER. Well, I don't approve of it—don't interrupt me. Young man—I don't approve of it—and you can tell your father I said so.

ANNIE. Oh, Mr. Brewster—please! (*Rises and goes up L.*)

HOWARD. Why don't you approve of it, Mr. Brewster?

BREWSTER. Because—

ANNIE. Mr. Brewster, please—

HOWARD. (*Demands*) Why don't you approve? (*Pause*) I want an answer.

BREWSTER. (*Sees that ANNIE does not want him to speak*) Well—because I don't. (*Crosses down to L. HOWARD following*)

HOWARD. That's not a satisfactory reply, Mr. Brewster. (*Pause*) You must have some reason.

BREWSTER. I have several reasons.

HOWARD. Then please tell me.

BREWSTER. (*Turning to him*) Let me ask you why you are going away?

HOWARD. Because—because—I—(*Pause*)

ANNIE. I want him to go.

BREWSTER. I'll tell you, Howard, my boy, you're going away to escape from the talking scandal mongers, and the whispering busybodies. Forgive me for speaking plainly, but you're going away because your wife's conduct is a topic of conversation among your friends.

HOWARD. (*Crosses to c.*) I neither know nor care what they say.

BREWSTER. And that's the reason you leave her here to fight the battle alone.

(ANNIE comes down between them.)

HOWARD. (*Realizes the truth of BREWSTER'S remark*) To fight the battle alone?

BREWSTER. Yes, you are giving the world a weapon with which to strike at your wife.

HOWARD. (*Bus. Almost gasps*) I never thought of that. I wanted to get away from it all. Father offered me the chance. Annie, you—you understand—(*Falters, comes to her*)

ANNIE. (*Turns to BREWSTER with the idea of protecting HOWARD*) Mr. Brewster, you've gone far enough. (*To HOWARD*) He didn't mean what he said, Howard. (*Turns to BREWSTER*) How can you talk to him in that manner, Mr. Brewster?

(BREWSTER laughs at her attitude, and goes up L. a bit.)

HOWARD. He's quite right, Annie. I should never have consented to go. I was wrong, wrong from the very first, and I am not going away.

BREWSTER. (*Coming down*) Good boy! Now, Mrs. Jeffries, I ask permission to tell your husband the truth.

ANNIE. No.

BREWSTER. Then I'll tell him without your permission. (*ANNIE crosses to c.*) Howard, the Mrs. Jeffries who visited Underwood that night was not your wife.

HOWARD. Not my wife?

BREWSTER. No. It was the other Mrs. Jeffries.

HOWARD. The other Mrs. Jeffries? Then I did hear her voice! *She was there*, and—and—(*Realizes that MRS. JEFFRIES is the woman*) Ah, Annie, Annie—couldn't you have trusted me?

ANNIE. (*To BREWSTER*) I asked you not to say anything.

(*BREWSTER crosses up to tree for hat and stick.*)

HOWARD. (*Crosses to ANNIE*) You saved my step-mother from disgrace, you spared my father! Ah, it was splendid—splendid, Annie.

ANNIE. What of the future, Howard?

BREWSTER. (*Coming down to r. c.*) You'll come into my office and study law.

HOWARD. Thank you Mr. Brewster. (*To ANNIE*) And you'll forgive me for wanting to leave you, won't you, old girl?

ANNIE. Don't call me old girl, Howard, because it's true. (*Embrace*)

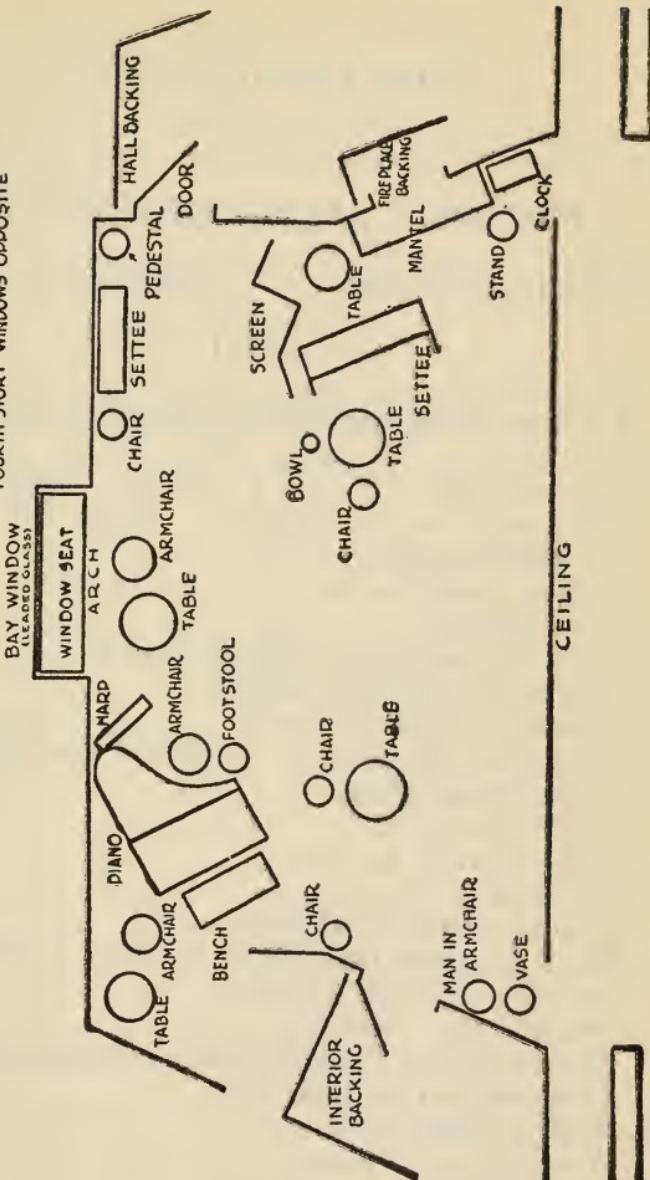
CURTAIN.

**THE THIRD DEGREE** *Act I.*  
AN ARTISTIC ROOM IN A NEW YORK APARTMENT  
DARK OAK AND TAPESTRY

THE THIRD DEGREE.

99

BACKING SHOWING HOUSES OF A FASHIONABLE  
NEW YORK STREET AS SEEN FROM  
FOURTH STORY WINDOWS OPPOSITE



## THE THIRD DEGREE.

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### PROPERTY AND FURNITURE PLOT.

PLACE:—*New York.*

PERIOD:—*The present.*

#### ACT I.

(*A room in the apartment of an art-commissioner.*)

Ground cloth. Oriental medallion. Rugs.

Tiger-skin rug at fireplace. Black fur rug on window-seat c.

Tapestry portieres at arch c. (to be drawn to cover opening)

Dark silk curtains on bay window c.

Mantel and fireplace down L.

Window-seat in window c.

Baby-grand piano up R. (keyboard down-stage)

Bench below piano.

Table down R. C.

Table down L. C.

Table up c.

Table in alcove R. of piano.

Small Japanese table above fireplace L., with lamp.

Small stand below fireplace.

Pedestal up L. corner.

Standing clock (Colonial) below fireplace L.

Large settee L. of table L. C.

Antique settee up L.

Armchair R. of piano.

Armchair L. of piano.

Armchair L. of table up c.

Chair R. of table L. C.

Chair (high-backed) back of table R. C.  
 Chair L. of arch up c.  
 Chair above door R.  
 Footstool below chair L. of piano.  
 Spanish-leather screen (4-fold and 6 feet high) back  
     of settee L.  
 Man in armour below door R.  
 Large Chinese vase or bowl below man in armour.  
 Large brass bowl (with a little water) back of table  
     L. C. (for lighted cigarettes)  
 Old-fashioned harp above piano.  
 Tapestry hangings, handsome framed paintings—old  
     and new etchings, etc., on walls.  
 Statues, carved ivories, art-pottery, bric-a-brac, etc.,  
     ad lib.

(NOTE:—No picture over door R.)

AT FIREPLACE L.—Large brass fireirons, fender,  
     poker—shovel—tongs in stand.  
 ON MANTEL L.—Large ornamental clock. Two  
     large candelabra. Pottery, and ornaments ad  
     lib.  
 ON SETTEE L. C.—Sofa cushions. Tapestry drapery.  
     N. Y. evening paper.  
 ON TABLE L. C.—Large silver tray. Decanter of  
     Scotch Whiskey. Syphon of seltzer. Two  
     highball glasses. Cigarettes in silver box.  
     Matches in ornamental stand. Ash-tray.  
     Cigars in silver stand.  
 ON TABLE below fireplace L.—Several small bronze  
     figures and ivory carvings.  
 ON WINDOW SEAT up c.—Draperies. Several paint-  
     ings, framed and unframed, on seat and on floor  
     leaning against seat.  
 ON PIANO R.—Oriental runner-scarf. Large  
     antique lamp. Statue. Vase. Bowl. Sheet  
     music.

ON TABLE up c.—Practical desk-telephone (Electrician). N. Y. Telephone directory. Books. Magazines.

ON TABLE down r. c.—Six books (to mask reflector.)

ON TABLE p. of piano—Large and small statuettes. ON PEDESTAL up L. corner—Large vase.

NOTE:—When curtain is down on the first scene— Close screen and lean it against wall above fireplace. Move HOWARD's coat and hat from chair c. to piano. Unlock door L.

SIDE

R. 1 E.—Sure-fire revolver (Stage Manager)

HAND

MRS. JEFFRIES—Written letter in stamped and addressed square envelope, which has been opened, (see text, ACT III, page —)

MALONEY—Note book and pencil. Handcuffs, with key.

CLINTON—Nickel plated 38 cal. revolver.

DR. BERNSTEIN Watch and chain.

Silver cigarette box on table L. c.

Watch Hand on table L. c.

Glass Jar with cigars on table L. c.

Syphon of Seltzer on table L. c.

Decanter of Whiskey on table L. c.

High-ball glasses on table L. c.

Brass Bowl on Floor Back of table.

38-Calibre nickel mounted Revolver for Capt. Clinton.

A pair of Nippers for Maloney.

Written letter (used in ACT III) for Mrs. Jeffries, Sr.

Sufficient number of books on Table L. c. to mask reflector.

Sure-fire Pistol off R. 2 E.

Door Bell off L. 3 E.

Cigarette case and cigarette for Howard.

Cigarette case and cigarette for Underwood.

## THE THIRD DEGREE.

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### LIGHT PLOT.

#### ACT I.

Box, blue, R. and L. of window C.

Bunch, red and orange, in fireplace L.

Strip (2-lamp) over door R. and door L.

Handsome lamp on table above fireplace L., lighted at rise.

Handsome lamp on table R. of piano, lighted at rise.

Practical telephone on table up C., with connection to prompt entrance.

Dome chandelier R. C., over table, lighted at rise.

This fixture is plugged independently and must have switch to be worked by a character on stage—it hangs low enough for the switch to be reached.

Electric picture-illuminator (not practical) over door R.

On table R. C. have a single 32 c-p lamp backed by a small, brilliant reflector; this light is masked by some books; it is so arranged as to throw light upon the face of a person sitting back of the table. This light goes on while the curtain is down between scenes.

Push button-switch on wall below door R.

AT RISE

Foots  $\frac{3}{4}$  up.

.... lot of sheep led by you. (UNDERWOOD)

READY

.... (as UNDERWOOD pushes switch R.)  
Chandelier and Table Lamps Out.

FOOTS Out.

As soon as the curtain is down—  
Chandelier ON.

Reflector-light on table r. c. ON.

Grate in fireplace OUT.

Bunch in fireplace OUT.

Change box back of window from blue to amber.

READY

. . . . I shot Robert Underwood.  
(HOWARD)

. . . (as MALONEY opens curtains at arch  
c.)

Foots UP to FULL.

. . . (as MALONEY turns switch on chan-  
delier)

Chandelier OUT.

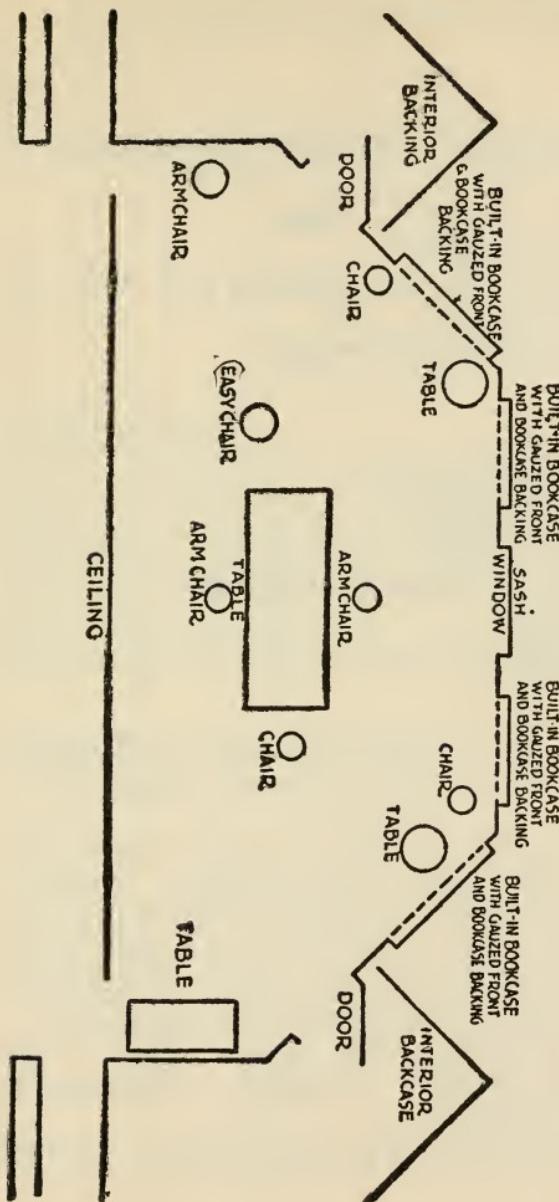
Reflector-light OUT.

**THE THIRD DEGREE** *Act 2*

PRIVATE LAW OFFICE IN A DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING.

(RICH, BUT QUIET)

(WINTER - AFTERNOON)

BACKING SHOWING HOUSETOPS  
of DOWNTON NEW YORK

## PROPERTY AND FURNITURE PLOT.

## ACT II.

(*The Law Office of RICHARD BREWSTER.*)

Ground cloth. Medallion. Rugs.

Roller-shade at window c.

Built-in bookcase, with book-backing up R. and R. c.,  
and up L. and L. c.

Consultation table (8 feet long) c.

Table down L.

Table up R.

Table up L.

Easy chair R. of table c.

Armchair back of table c.

Armchair below table c.

Library ladder of 4 steps, L. of window.

Armchair down R.

Chair L. of table c.

Chair above door R.

Chair up L.

Framed portraits of members of the U. S. Supreme  
Court, and of eminent American statesmen, on  
walls.

ON TABLE c.—Eight law books. Large double ink-  
stand. Four pens. Four pencils. Blotters.  
Letter paper and envelopes. Legal-cap paper.  
Long envelopes. Two letter-size writing pads.  
Three memorandum pads. Two printed pam-  
phlets. Several typewritten legal documents.

ON TABLE down L.—Law books. Silver tray.  
Water in pitcher. Tumbler. Newspapers.  
Law magazines.

ON TABLE up R. and up L.—Law books. Writing  
pad.

SIDE

R. 2 E.—Three visiting-cards (different sizes).  
(JONES) Several typewritten sheets of legal

size paper ; law book in which papers are served.  
(BREWSTER)

HAND

JONES—Law book ; two legal documents ; pen.

ANNIE—Hand-bag with purse, visiting-card, etc.

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ACT II.

LIGHT PLOT.

All lights full-up.

Electric Push buttons up stage R. of window.

Electric Light Switch R. of door R. 2 E.

Amber and white lamps in foots.

Box—amber—R. and L. of window c.

Amber and white lamps in 1st Border.

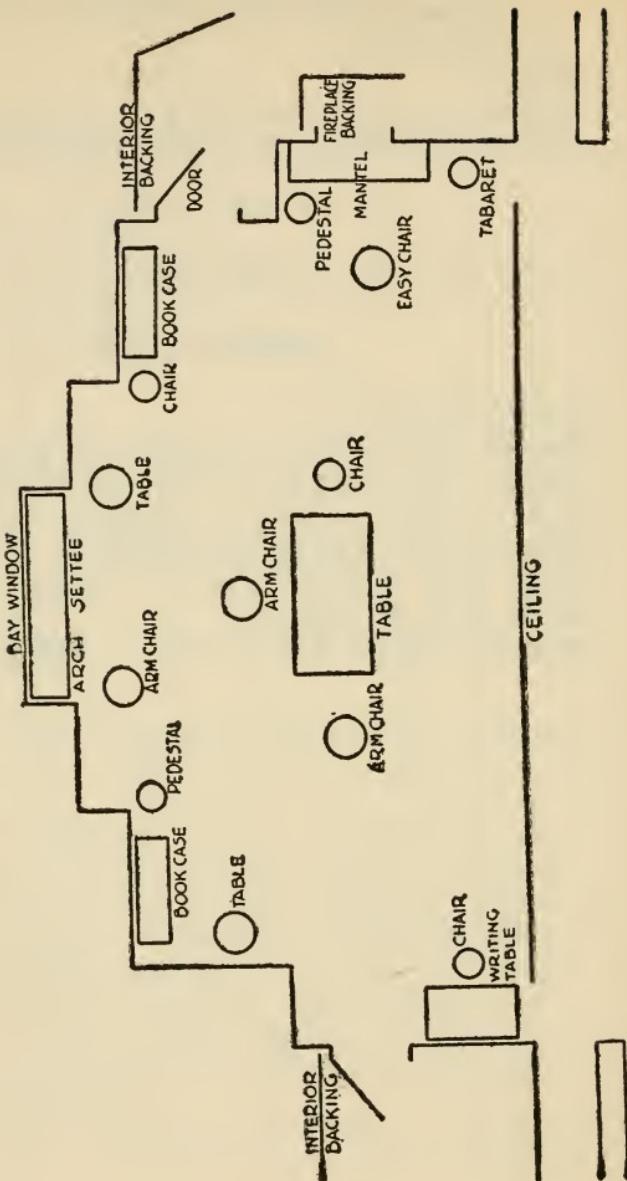
Straw strips at window c.

Amber and white strips in doors R. and L.

## THE THIRD DEGREE.

**THE THIRD DEGREE** *Act 3.*  
 LIBRARY IN A HANDSOME NEW YORK RESIDENCE  
 (WINTER - NIGHT)

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## PROPERTY AND FURNITURE PLOT.

## ACT III.

(*Library in the home of RICHARD BREWSTER.*)

Ground cloth. Medallion. Rugs.

Portieres at arch c.

Curtains at bay window c. (Cream scrim)

Massive mantel and fireplace down L.

Bookcase up R.

Bookcase up L.

Table (6 feet long) c.

Writing-table down R.

Table L. of window c.

Table below bookcase R.

Tabaret below fireplace L.

Pedestal above fireplace L.

Pedestal L. of bookcase up R.

Long settee in window c.

Easy chair near fireplace L.

Armchair R. of table c.

Armchair back of table c.

Armchair R. of window c.

Chair L. of table c.

Chair L. of window R.

Chair R. of bookcase L.

Handsome paintings and engravings on walls.

AT FIREPLACE L.—Black andirons, fender, poker, shovel and tongs in stand.

ON MANTEL L.—Large ornaments. Art-pottery.

ON BOOKCASE—Busts, statuettes, etc. Books on shelves.

ON SETTEE in window c.—Sofa cushions. Books. Magazines. Newspaper.

ON TABARET down L.—Handsome jardiniere with palm.

- ON PEDESTAL down L.—Ornamental bowl.  
ON PEDESTAL up R.—Statuette.  
ON TABLE L. of window—Art-folios.  
ON TABLE below bookcase R.—Books. Magazines.  
Vase.  
ON WRITING TABLE down R.—Large desk-set.  
Paper and envelopes in rack. Calendar. Ink-  
stand. Pens. Blotter, etc.  
ON TABLE c.—Four books. Three law books.  
Humidor with cigars. Matches in ornamental  
stand. Two ash-receivers. Two letter-size  
writing pads. Two memorandum pads. Three  
pencils. Five reports, each consisting of five or  
six typewritten sheets of legal-size paper, with  
backing paper, fastened at the top. Six news-  
paper clippings, of different lengths, each pasted  
in the center of a sheet of writing-paper.  
Handsome large brass clock for c. of mantel.  
Two handsome brass candelabra or figures for  
end of mantel.  
2 other appropriate vases or ornaments for mantel.  
Rich red carpet down.  
Black fur medallion or rug in c. over carpet.  
Handsome red portieres for c. arch.  
Large armchair up L. corner.  
Pedestal with bronze bust of Lincoln to R. of it.  
Pedestal with large majolica Jardinieres containing  
Boston Fern.  
Armchair at F. P.  
Armchair back of T. C.  
Chair L. of it.  
Chair L. of writing T. R.  
Large chair up R. C.  
Chair R. of arch.  
These chairs should all vary in design and upholstery,  
but must harmonize with the color scheme of the  
set. Red and black should be in leather, some  
in red, some tapestry, some high borders, some

lower, Elizabethan and other Old English periods.

A heavy covered old English library table in black or weathered oak (no mahogany)

Small writing table of the same character R., on which is writing pad, inkcase, blotter, stationery holder (they come in sets) of red leather, about 4½ feet high; bookcase extending about 12 inches from wall; running at R. and L. Angle frame join R. w. corner of set and extending to door jamb and to arch.

These bookcases to be filled with books—on top of the bookcases are sufficient vases, ornaments, photos in frames, etc., to practically but not vulgarly cover them.

On the table a humidor filled with cigars.

5 distinct Legal Reports.

These must each consist of 6 sheets of large-sized, square leather paper, typewritten and held together in the L. upper corner, so that they may be easily turned.

6 clippings of newspapers of various lengths, pasted in the c. of white paper.

3 or 4 books.

A memorandum stand.

A silver match stand and ash receiver.

A silver salver outside D. L. 3 E.

4 visiting cards outside D. L. 3 E.

Written letter properly enveloped, stamped, and cancelled, used in ACT I, and read in this act—for Mrs. Jeffries, Sr.

## LIGHT PLOT.

## ACT III.

Foots and borders—amber and white.

Strip and amber and white in L. 3 E. and R. 3 E.

Fancy lamp and shade to match scene color scheme,  
wind practical wire on T. R.

Two 3 light score of black wrought-iron with fancy  
red shades on wall R. and wall L. Wind for  
practical use.

Handsome grate—dogs, fenders, and brush, shovel,  
poker, etc., for F. P. These should be of black  
wrought-iron, of antique design. Fire in grate.

Fire glow on in F. P.

All lights full up.

Electric push button L. of door R.

Handsome chandelier c., lighted.

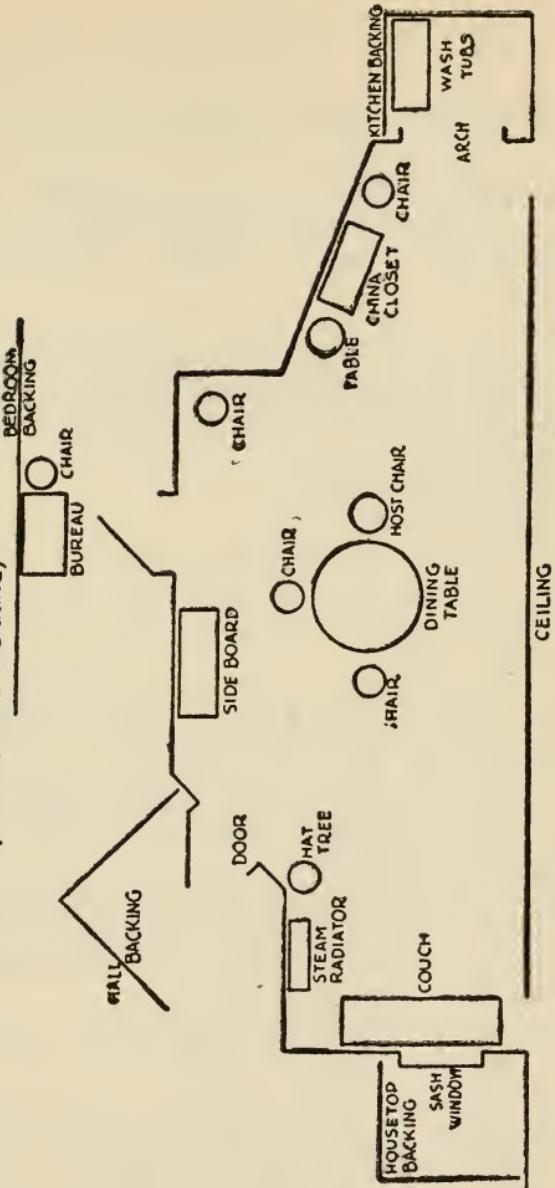
Four brackets with silk shades, lighted.

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# THE THIRD DEGREE.

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## THE THIRD DEGREE, Act 4 THE DINING ROOM OF A MODEST HARLEM FLAT. (EARLY SPRING - MORNING)



## ACT IV.

## PROPERTY AND FURNITURE PLOT.

In the center a Mothered Oak Dining table—covered at rise with clean white table cloth.

Dining chairs to match r. and l. and back of it—a chair.

Same kind down l. of arch.

Small medallion down, rugs at all openings and in front of couch and china closet.

Wash tubs (usual in flats) against wall of backing in arch.

Oil cloth to cover tubs.

In kitchen on chair—

A small door bell usual to flat in N. Y.

Chair on which is a tray containing a plate with 3 strips of bacon, a splat of rolls, 2 plates and pot of hot coffee.

Over the wash tubs, a shelf running length of shelf, on which are a kitchen clock, canisters and caddies for tea, coffee, etc.

Hanging from shelf, some kitchen utensils, these must be bright and shiny. The shelf is trimmed with edged paper.

In the l. u. corner, set obliquely across, a china closet—dressed with china, cut glass, cups, etc., fancy and plain. On the top some steins and two handsome beer steins.

Against wall at back r. a small buffet. This must be dressed with cut glass, silver pieces, etc., according to taste.

On the buffet at rise, must be 2 cups and saucers, sugar bowl with sugar, cream jug, 2 knives and forks, 2 teaspoons, in the drawer easy of access must be, a dark red table cloth and 2 clean napkins.

Hat tree with overcoat, between buffet and door.  
Plain dark brown couch under window.  
Above couch against jog, steam radiator.  
Tree, curtains and red portieres for window R.  
The lace curtains are close together—the portieres drawn back.  
In the corner by radiator a silver topped cane for Howard.  
Cigarettes for Howard.  
Matches for Howard.  
Physicians' bag for Dr. Bernstein.  
Lambrequin and portieres draped back of some light creton material, for top and sides of kitchen.  
Bureau—back of door up c. on which are a bureau scarf—some toilet articles, collars, pin cushions, neckties, etc.

#### LIGHT PLOT.

All lights full up.  
Foots and borders, white and amber.  
Combination chandelier of 4 lights (not used).  
Straw strip at window R.  
White and amber strip back of door up c.  
White and amber strip in kitchen L.  
A square piece of iron plate about 12 to 16 inches square, which must be thoroughly heated to produce hissing sound and steam when water is thrown on it—at cue—IMPORTANT.

#### DRESS PLOT.

PLACE:—*New York City.* PERIOD:—*The present.*

ACT I. Winter. Night.  
ACT II. Afternoon, a few days later.  
ACT III. The same evening.  
ACT IV. Morning, a few weeks later.

RICHARD BREWSTER (age 50)

ACT II. Frock coat, dark trousers, etc.

ACT III. Evening dress.

ACT IV. Frock coat, light trousers, overcoat, silk hat, gloves, cane, etc.

HOWARD JEFFRIES, SR. (age 60)

ACT I. Dark trousers, overcoat, silk hat, cane, gloves, etc.

ACT II. Frock suit, silk hat, cane, gloves, etc.

ACT III. Evening dress.

HOWARD JEFFRIES, JR. (age 25)

ACT I. Dark sack suit, overcoat, hat, etc.

ACT IV. Sack suit, light overcoat, hat, cane, etc.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD (age 35)

Evening dress.

MR. BENNINGTON (age 45)

Dark suit, overcoat, hat, etc.

DR. BERNSTEIN (age 45)

ACT I. Dark suit, overcoat, hat, etc.

ACT III. Frock suit.

ACT IV. Dark suit, overcoat, hat, etc.

CAPTAIN CLINTON (age 45)

ACT I. Dark sack suit, overcoat, hat, etc.

ACT III. Frock suit, silk hat, etc.

MALONEY (age 35)

ACT I. Dark sack suit, overcoat, hat, etc.

ACT III. Dark sack suit.

JONES (age 40)

Black coat and vest, light trousers, etc.

POLICEMAN—Uniform.

ELEVATOR ATTENDANT—Uniform.

SERVANT—Evening dress; low collar, black string tie.

MRS. HOWARD JEFFRIES, SR. (age 30)

ACT I. Dark evening gown, wrap, gloves, etc.

ACT II. Afternoon walking dress, hat, furs, gloves, etc.

ACT III. Light evening gown, wrap, gloves, etc.

MRS. HOWARD JEFFRIES, JR. (age 28)

Acts I, II, III.

Neat cloth suit, hat, modest furs, gloves, etc.  
**Act IV.** Dark skirt, light or white shirtwaist.

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## CURTAIN CALLS.

## ACT I.

FIRST—ANNIE JEFFRIES, SR.  
SECOND—ANNIE JEFFRIES, SR. CLINTON, HOWARD.  
THIRD—ANNIE HOWARD.

## ACT II.

FIRST—ANNIE BREWSTER.  
SECOND—ANNIE BREWSTER, MRS. JEFFRIES, MR.  
JEFFRIES, JONES.  
THIRD—ANNIE BREWSTER.

## ACT III.

## Second Picture.

FIRST—ANNIE, MRS. JEFFRIES, BREWSTER.  
SECOND—Same, with MR. JEFFRIES and CLINTON.  
THIRD—ANNIE.  
FOURTH—ANNIE BREWSTER.

## ACT IV.

THESE ON AT CURTAIN.

## DADDY LONG-LEGS

A charming comedy in 4 acts. By Jean Webster. The full cast calls for 6 males, 7 females and 6 orphans, but the play, by the easy doubling of some of the characters, may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls of any age. Four easy interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Many readers of current fiction will recall Jean Webster's "Daddy Long-Legs." Miss Webster dramatized her story and it was presented at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, under Henry Miller's direction, with Ruth Chatterton in the principal rôle. "Daddy Long-Legs" tells the story of Judy, a pretty little drudge in a bleak New England orphanage. One day, a visiting trustee becomes interested in Judy and decides to give her a chance. She does not know the name of her benefactor, but simply calls him Daddy Long-Legs, and writes him letters brimming over with fun and affection. From the Foundling's Home she goes to a fashionable college for girls and there develops the romance that constitutes much of the play's charm. The New York *Times* reviewer, on the morning after the Broadway production, wrote the following: "If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs.' To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and which was presented at the Gaiety last night. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter." "Daddy Long-Legs" enjoyed a two-years' run in New York, and was then toured for over three years. It is now published in play form for the first time. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

## THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR

A comedy in 4 acts. By James Forbes. 3 males, 10 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays a full evening.

An absorbing play of modern American family life. "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is concerned with a strenuous lady who returns from overseas to lecture, and consequently neglects her daughter, who is just saved in time from disaster. Acted with great success by Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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## COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

A charming comedy in 3 acts. Adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. 6 males, 5 females. 3 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "Come Out of the Kitchen" is written around a Virginia family of the old aristocracy, by the name of Daingerfield, who, finding themselves temporarily embarrassed, decide to rent their magnificent home to a rich Yankee. One of the conditions of the lease by the well-to-do New Englander stipulates that a competent staff of white servants should be engaged for his sojourn at the stately home. This servant question presents practically insurmountable difficulties, and one of the daughters of the family conceives the mad-cap idea that she, her sister and their two brothers shall act as the domestic staff for the wealthy Yankee. Olivia Daingerfield, who is the ringleader in the merry scheme, adopts the cognomen of Jane Allen, and elects to preside over the destinies of the kitchen. Her sister, Elizabeth, is appointed housemaid. Her elder brother, Paul, is the butler, and Charley, the youngest of the group, is appointed to the position of bootboy. When Burton Crane arrives from the North, accompanied by Mrs. Faulkner, her daughter, and Crane's attorney, Tucker, they find the staff of servants to possess so many methods of behavior out of the ordinary that amusing complications begin to arise immediately. Olivia's charm and beauty impress Crane above everything else, and the merry story continues through a maze of delightful incidents until the real identity of the heroine is finally disclosed. But not until Crane has professed his love for his charming cook, and the play ends with the brightest prospects of happiness for these two young people. "Come Out of the Kitchen," with Ruth Chatterton in the leading rôle, made a notable success on its production by Henry Miller at the Cohan Theatre, New York. It was also a great success at the Strand Theatre, London. A most ingenious and entertaining comedy, and we strongly recommend it for amateur production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

## GOING SOME

Play in 4 acts. By Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach. 12 males, 4 females. 2 exteriors, 1 interior. Costumes, modern and cowboy. Plays a full evening.

Described by the authors as the "chronicle of a certain lot of college men and girls, with a tragic strain of phonograph and cowboys." A rollicking good story, full of action, atmosphere, comedy and drama, redolent of the adventurous spirit of youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

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## POLLYANNA

"The glad play," in 3 acts. By Catherine Chisholm Gushing. Based on the novel by Eleanor H. Porter. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story has to do with the experiences of an orphan girl who is thrust, unwelcome, into the home of a maiden aunt. In spite of the tribulations that beset her life she manages to find something to be glad about, and brings light into sunless lives. Finally, Pollyanna strengthens out the love affairs of her elders, and last, but not least, finds happiness for herself in the heart of Jimmy. "Pollyanna" is a glad play and one which is bound to give one a better appreciation of people and the world. It reflects the humor, tenderness and humanity that gave the story such wonderful popularity among young and old.

Produced at the Hudson Theatre, New York, and for two seasons on tour, by George C. Tyler, with Helen Hayes in the part of "Pollyanna." (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

## THE CHARM SCHOOL

A comedy in 3 acts. By Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milten. 6 males, 10 females (may be played by 5 males and 8 females). Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles. Scenes, 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

The story of "The Charm School" is familiar to Mrs. Miller's readers. It relates the adventures of a handsome young automobile salesman, scarcely out of his 'teens, who, upon inheriting a girls' boarding-school from a maiden aunt, insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is, by the way, that the dominant feature in the education of the young girls of to-day should be CHARM. The situations that arise are teeming with humor—clean, wholesome humor. In the end the young man gives up the school, and promises to wait until the most precocious of his pupils reaches a marriageable age. The play has the freshness of youth, the inspiration of an extravagant but novel idea, the charm of originality, and the promise of wholesome, sanely amusing, pleasant entertainment. We strongly recommend it for high school production. It was first produced at the Bijou Theatre, New York, then toured the country. Two companies are now playing it in England. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

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